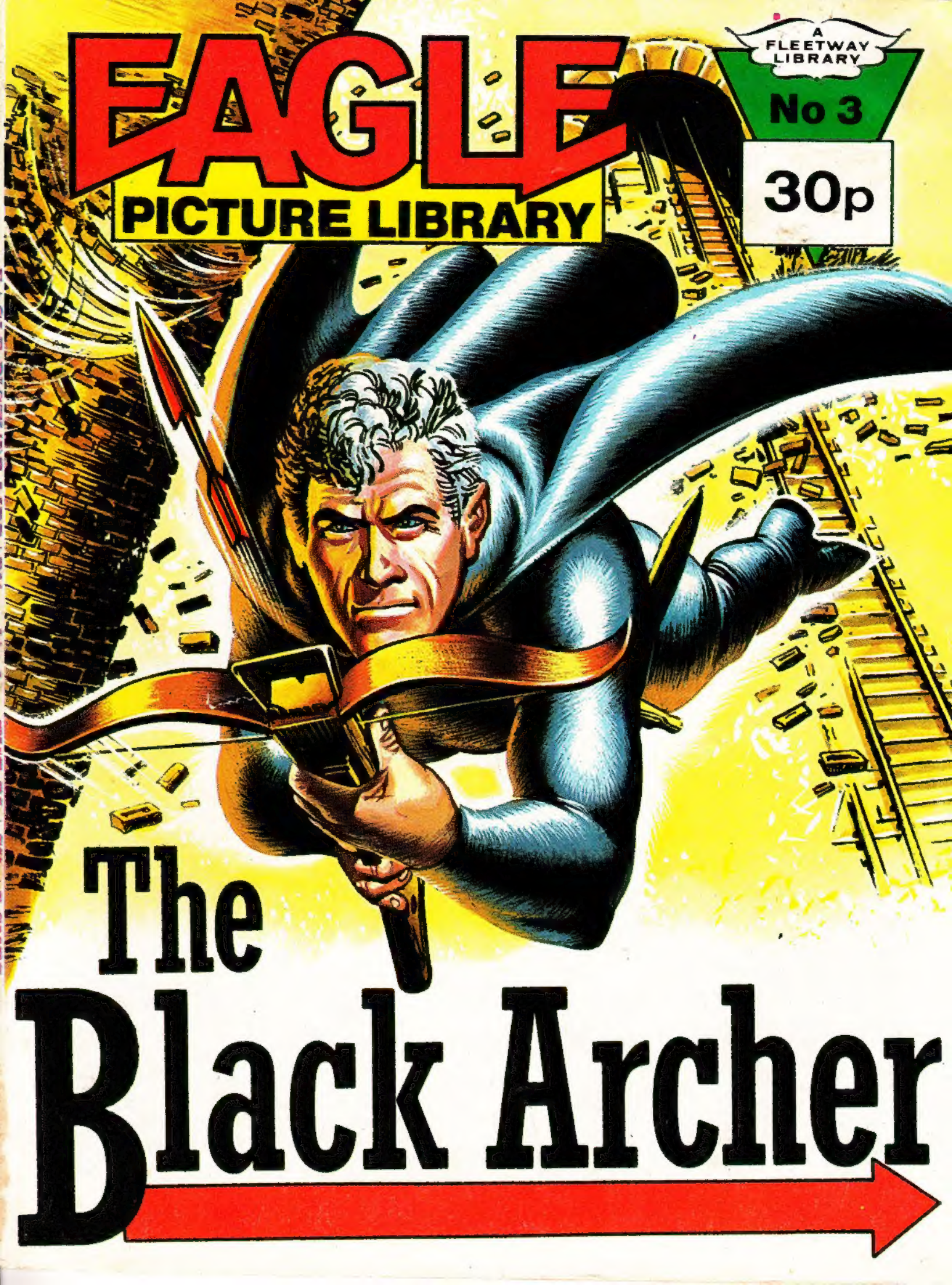
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The Black Archer

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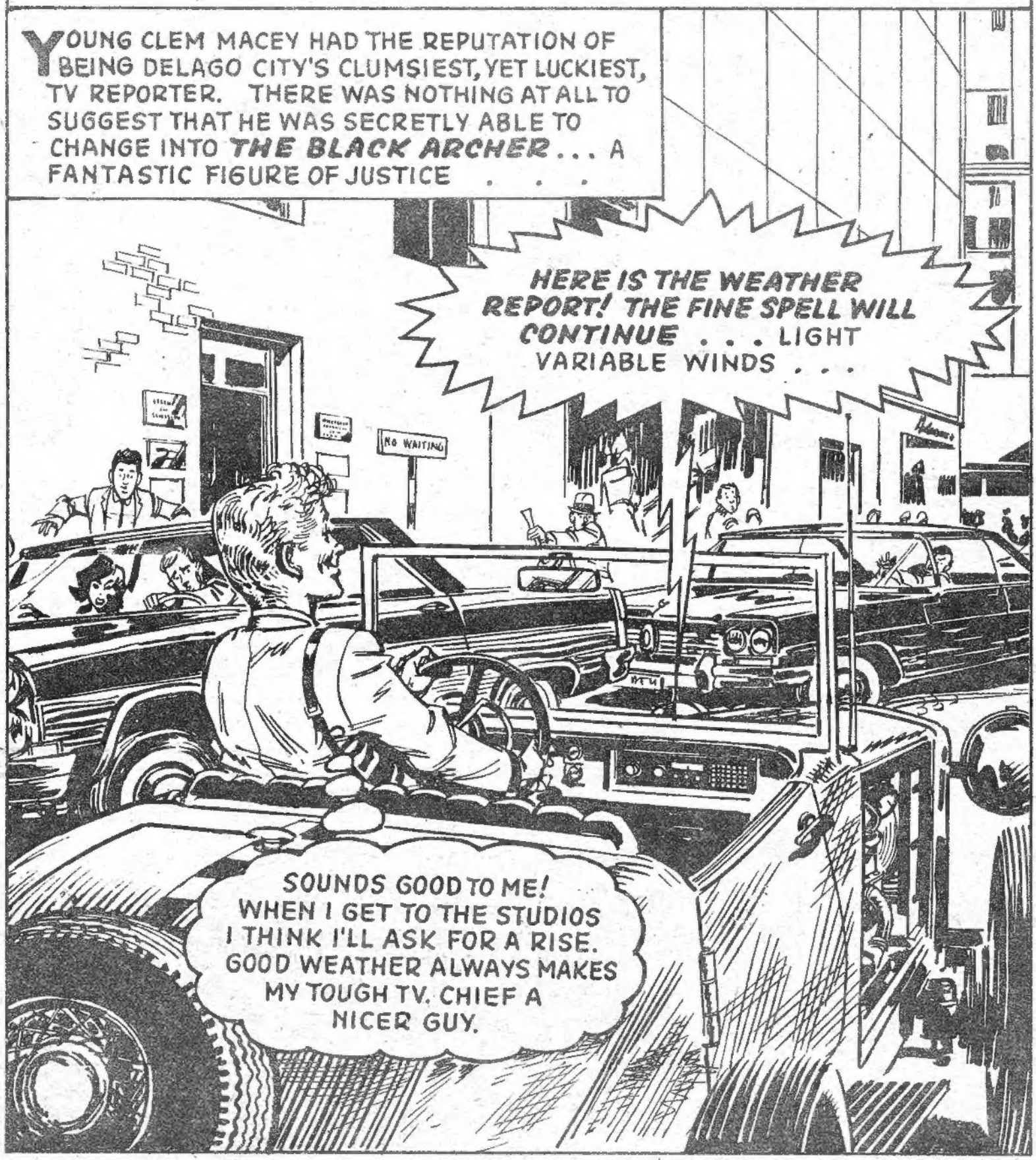
THE BLACK ARCHER

YOUNG CLEM MACEY HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING DELAGO CITY'S CLUMSIEST, YET LUCKIEST, TV REPORTER. THERE WAS NOTHING AT ALL TO SUGGEST THAT HE WAS SECRETLY ABLE TO CHANGE INTO *THE BLACK ARCHER* . . . A FANTASTIC FIGURE OF JUSTICE . . .


HERE IS THE WEATHER REPORT! THE FINE SPELL WILL CONTINUE . . . LIGHT VARIABLE WINDS . . .
NO WAITING
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! WHEN I GET TO THE STUDIOS I THINK I'LL ASK FOR A RISE. GOOD WEATHER ALWAYS MAKES MY TOUGH TV. CHIEF A NICER GUY.

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PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

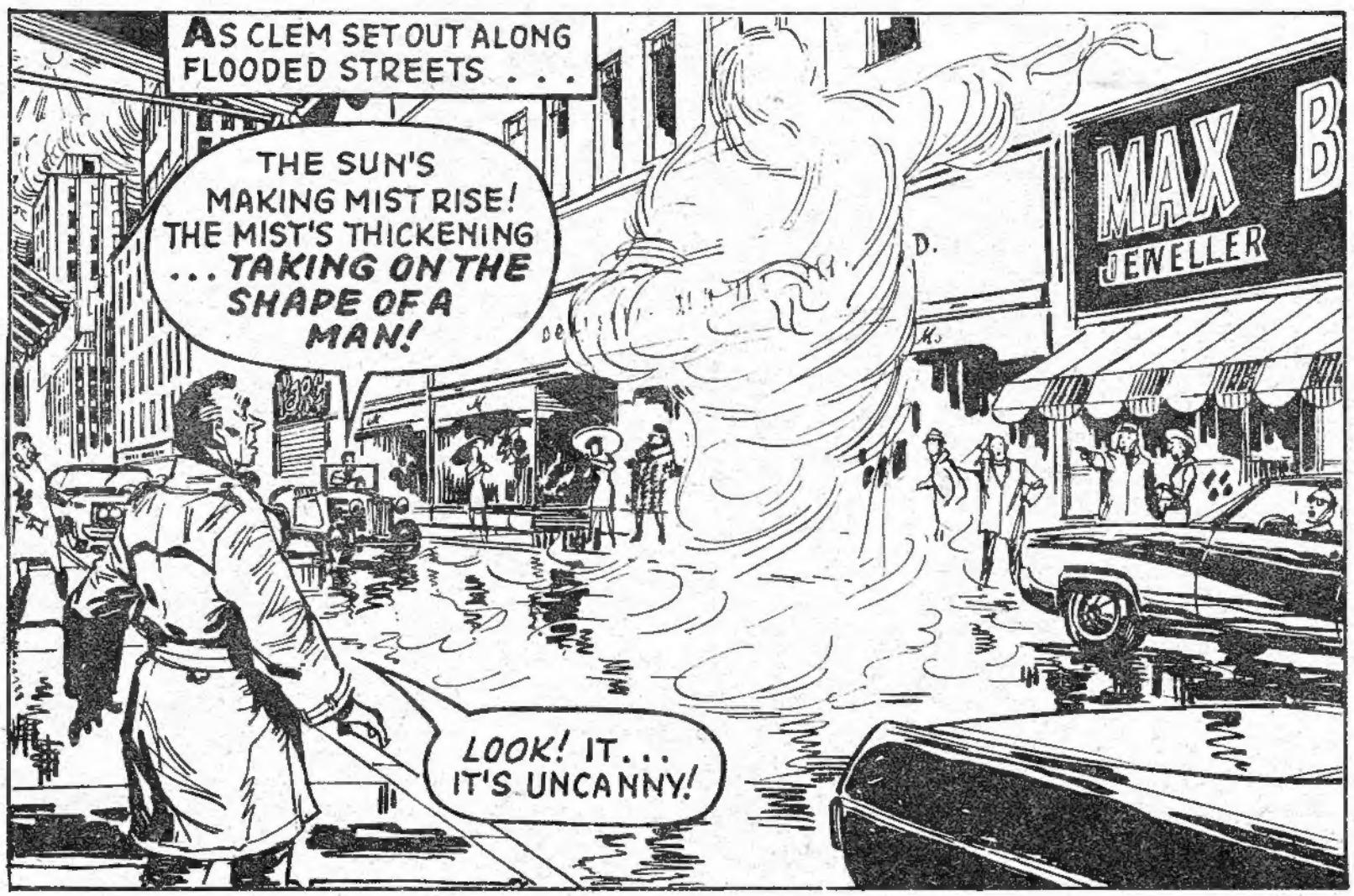
AS CLEM REACHED TV. HOUSE . . .
SHEET ICE! THIS IS CRAZY! OH GOSH, THE OLD JALOPY IS SKIDDING STRAIGHT FOR MR. BELLING'S NEW CAR . . .
MACEY, LOOK OUT!
MR. BELLING WAS CLEM'S TV. CHIEF . . .
MACEY'S DONE IT AGAIN! MAN, HE'LL BE LUCKY IF HE DOESN'T GET FIRED!
SORRY! IT . . . IT'S ICE!
CRASH

WHAT ICE — WHERE? MACEY, I'LL... OO-OP!
SIR, YOU'VE FOUND IT!

NEXT MOMENT... THUNDER BOOMED AND RAIN TEEMED...
I-ER-DON'T THINK THE WEATHER REPORTS WERE QUITE RIGHT.
SHUT UP, MACEY! WHAT FOOL GAVE OUT THE LAST REPORT? MAYBE I EMPLOY OTHERS AS STUPID AS YOU!

AGAIN THE CAR RADIO SPOKE . . .
WEATHER FLASH! FINE WEATHER WILL CONTINUE UNABATED. POSSIBLE HEAT-WAVE...
THE FOOLS! GIVE ME STRENGTH...

DRIVE TO OUR MET' OFFICE... ASK OUR WEATHER EXPERTS TO REPORT TO ME PERSONALLY AFTER CHECKING EQUIPMENT. BRING THEM! IF I HAVE TO GO TO THEM, THEY'RE ALL FIRED!
I, ER, GET THE IDEA.


AS CLEM SET OUT ALONG FLOODED STREETS . . .
THE SUN'S MAKING MIST RISE! THE MIST'S THICKENING ... TAKING ON THE SHAPE OF A MAN!
MAX B
JEWELLER
LOOK! IT... IT'S UNCANNY!

DENSE MIST ENGULFED CLEM, FORCING HIM TO DRAW UP . . .
SOMETHING'S WRONG! FREAK WEATHER I CAN UNDERSTAND— BUT WHEN MIST TAKES A MAN'S SHAPE, I START TO GET SUSPICIOUS! THIS IS WHERE CLUMSY CLEM MACEY VANISHES—AND···
CLEM CONCENTRATED . . .
...BECOMES THE BLACK ARCHER, CRIME-FIGHTER!

AS MIST SWIRLED AROUND A FAMOUS JEWELLER'S . . .
HOLD IT THERE, FOLKS! DON'T SCREAM UNLESS YOU FANCY GOING TO A FUNERAL —YOUR OWN!
A STICK-UP!
DON'T LET THE DARK GLASSES FOOL YOU... WE SEE REAL GOOD. ESPECIALLY THROUGH MIST!
WE WORK FOR THE WEATHERMAN! DON'T CROSS HIM... OR THINGS WILL GET REAL STORMY.

SOMEONE DIVED FOR AN ALARM
THAT BIRD AIN'T THE ONLY ONE 'CUCKOO' . . . WE'VE FOUND US A HERO.
CUCKOO!

THE BLACK ARCHER FIRED A POWER BOLT . . .
SHOTS . . . FROM GILLESPIES THE JEWELLERS! I'LL MOVE IN ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
WHOOOOOOOSH

THE BOLT FROM HIS CROSSBOW TOWED HIM THROUGH A WINDOW!
CALMLY HE CONFRONTED THE GANG . . .
WE WARNED THE 'WEATHERMAN' THAT CROOK-HATING CREEP COULD SHOW UP.
IT'S THE BLACK ARCHER! GUN HIM . . . THEN BEAT IT!

THE ARCHER FIRED FIRST...
AAAAAH! WE'RE ALL CAUGHT UP!
NOW YOU'RE REGRETTING YOUR LAWLESS WAYS, YOU LACKEYS!
THE LINE JERKED TAUT . . .
KERUWK!
NOW FOR YOU, LOOT-COLLECTOR! IT'S PAY-DAY... YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE PAID!

ONE HOODLUM RAISED A STRANGE TELEPHONE...
CALLING WEATHERMAN! URGENT... WE'VE ARCHER TROUBLE! SEND IN TWISTER... MISTER TWISTER... MAKE IT FAST!
THE MIST CLEARED... AND INSTEAD . . .
TELL ME I AIN'T SEEING THINGS. IT... IT'S A KIND OF 'TWISTER'... A WHIRLWIND — IN THE SHAPE OF A MAN!

THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO, ROBBING HOOD! JOIN YOUR MERRY MEN UNTIL THE POLICE CAN COLLECT YOU. ARCHER-WISE YOU'VE HAD AN UNLUCKY DAY.
UNK!

YOU'RE TOO LATE . . . I'VE PHONED THE WEATHERMAN, WISE GUY! HE'S SENDING 'TWISTER'... MISTER TWISTER. DON'T KID YOURSELF WE'RE BEATEN YET.
A RADIO TELEPHONE!

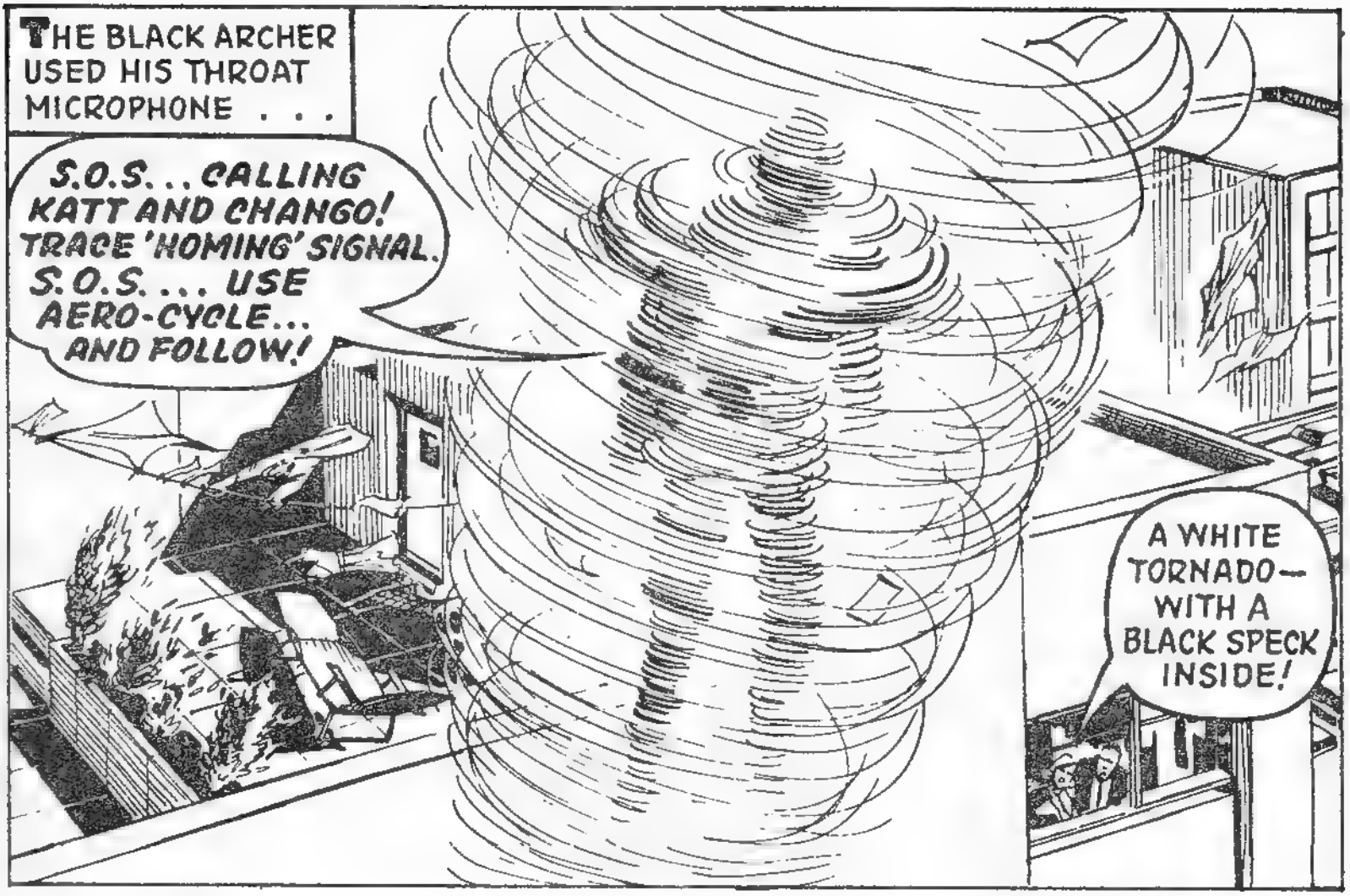
OUTSIDE, SOMETHING FANTASTIC WAS HAPPENING . . .
DRUG STORE
IT... IT'S A WHIRLWIND! A TWISTER! IN THE SHAPE OF A MAN!
WHAT THE HECK..?

DISASTER STRUCK POLICE CARS EN ROUTE FOR THE JEWELLERS . . .
WORLD FASHIONS
BRAAAKE! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!
POLICE

POLICE CHIEF DELANEY REELED UPRIGHT . . .
IT'S MAKING FOR THE SCENE OF THE JEWELLERY RAID! WHY DO THINGS LIKE THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME? WHY DON'T I RESIGN?
SPRING SENSATION
POLICE
AGHAST, THE BLACK ARCHER TURNED . . .
BOLTS OF DEATH . . . A MAN-SIZED TORNADO! IT'S REACHING OUT... BUT NOT TO SHAKE HANDS!
ARCHER, MEET MISTER TWISTER!

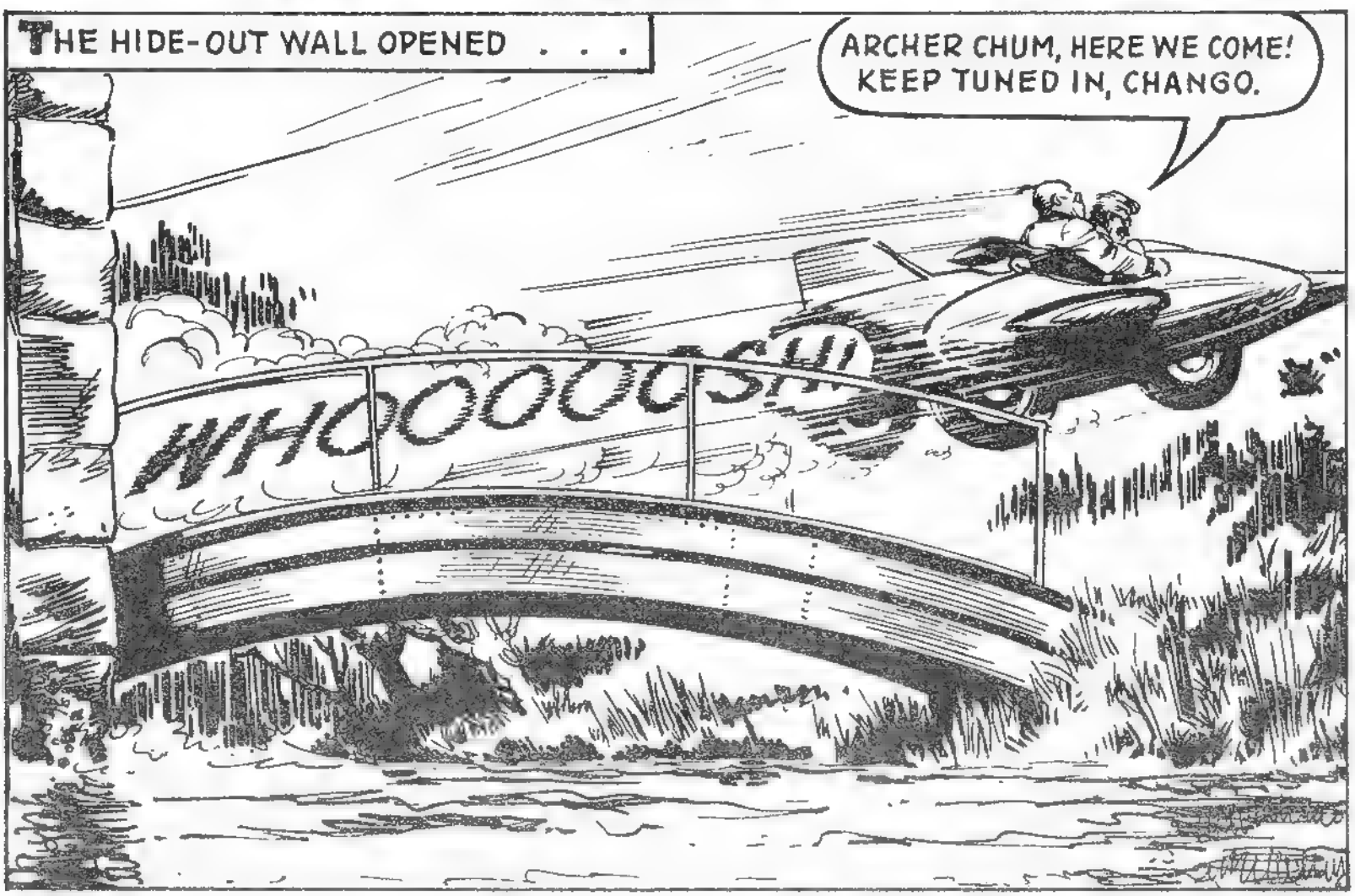
AAAGH! I'M SUCKED IN . . .!
YOU USE THE RIGHT WORDS, ARCHER! THIS IS WHERE YOU GO FOR A LONG RIDE!
WHEEEEE

IRRESISTIBLY THE WEIRD WHIRLWIND SNATCHED ITS VICTIM ALOFT . . .
97
Gillespie
HAPPY LANDINGS, ARCHER . . . SEE YOU IN THE CEMETERY! WHERE YOU'RE GOING, THERE ARE NO RETURN TICKETS!

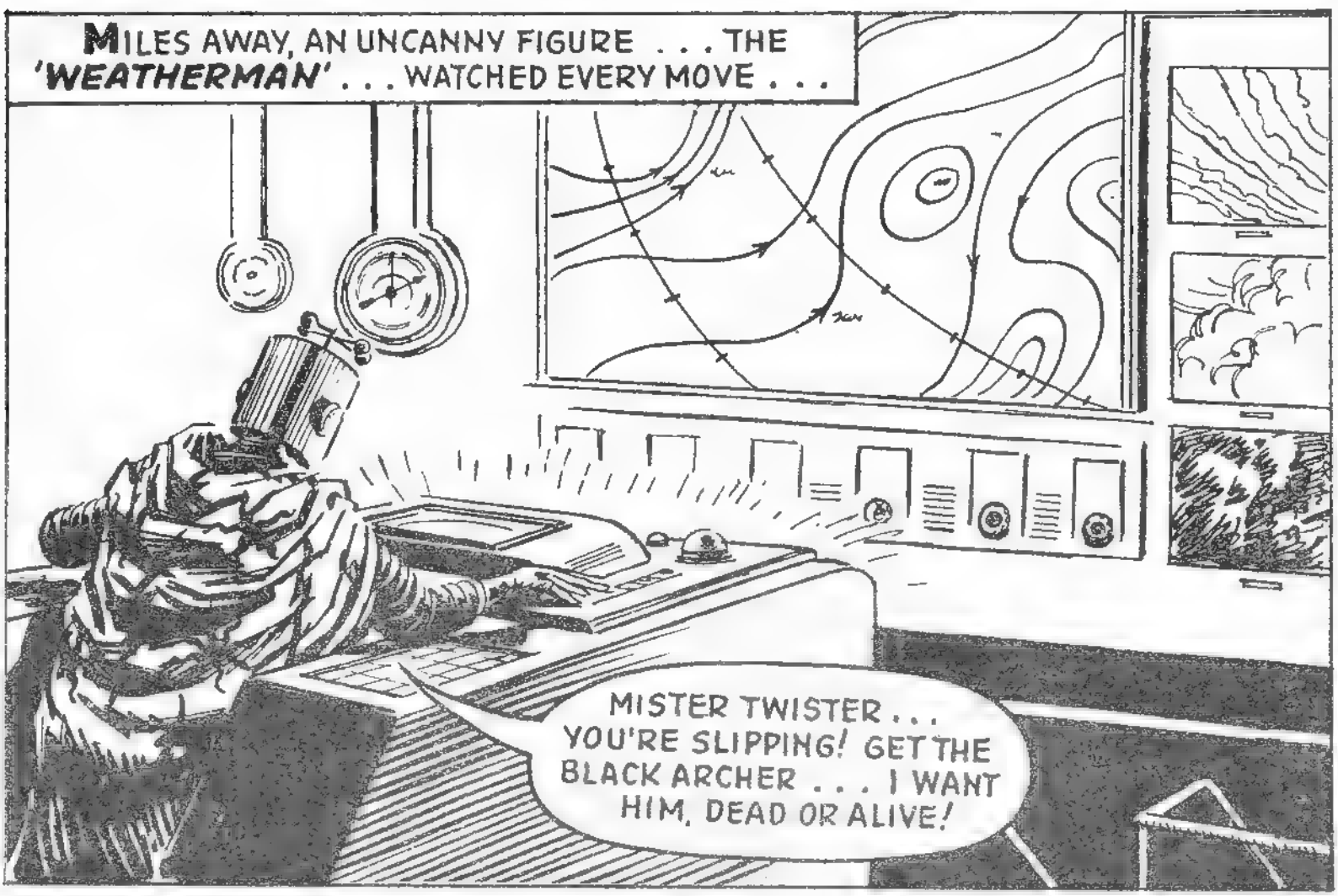

THE BLACK ARCHER USED HIS THROAT MICROPHONE . . .
S.O.S. . . CALLING KATT AND CHANGO! TRACE 'HOMING' SIGNAL. S.O.S. . . . USE AERO-CYCLE . . . AND FOLLOW!
A WHITE TORNADO— WITH A BLACK SPECK INSIDE!

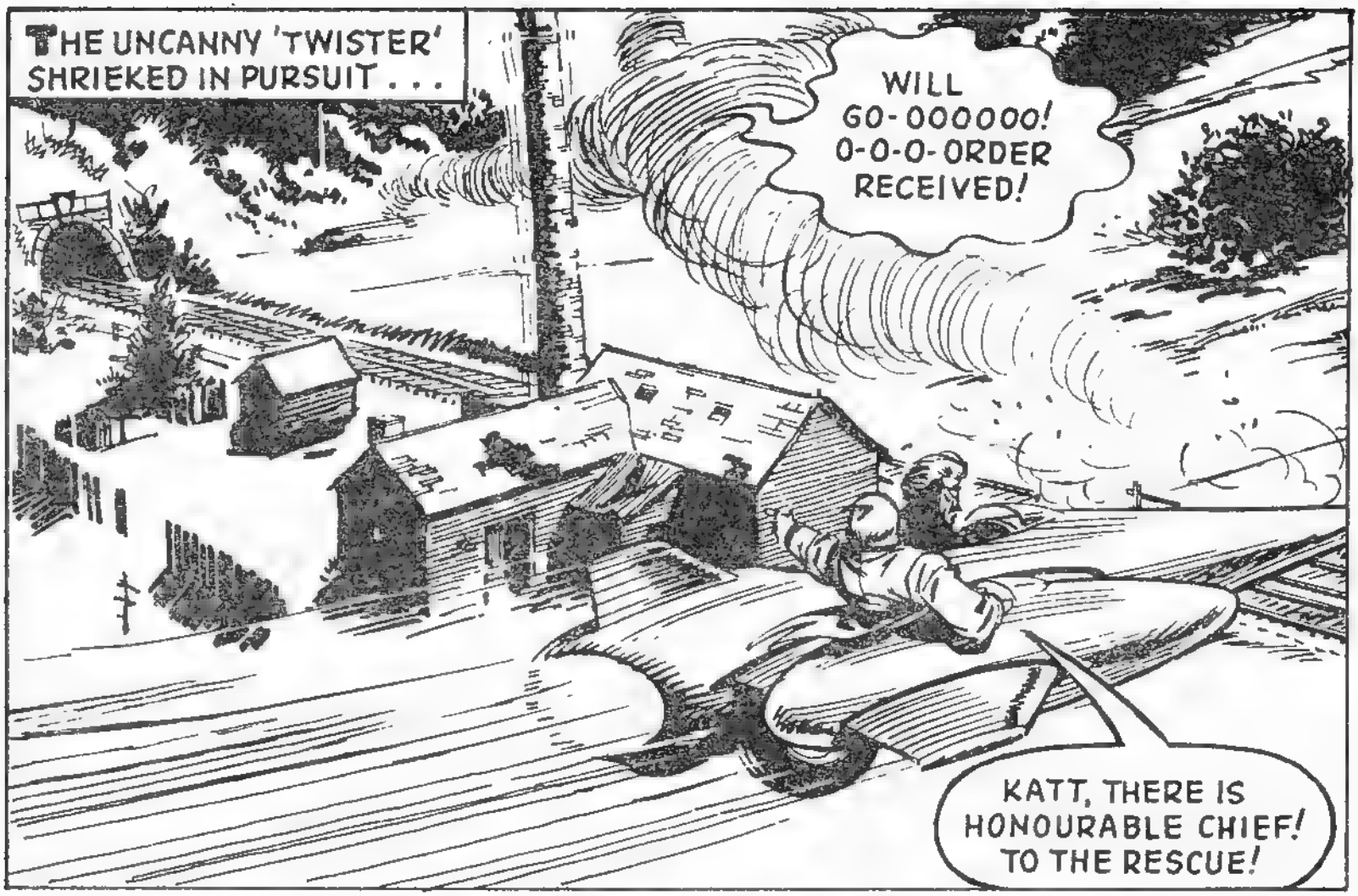
KATT AND CHANGO WERE THE BLACK ARCHER'S EX-CROOK ASSISTANTS . . .
S.O.S
KATT, HEAR MESSAGE FROM HONOURABLE ARCHER? GREAT TROUBLE IS ON HIM . . .
I NEARLY CUT MYSELF! KARATE CLOT, TURN THE RADIO DOWN . . .

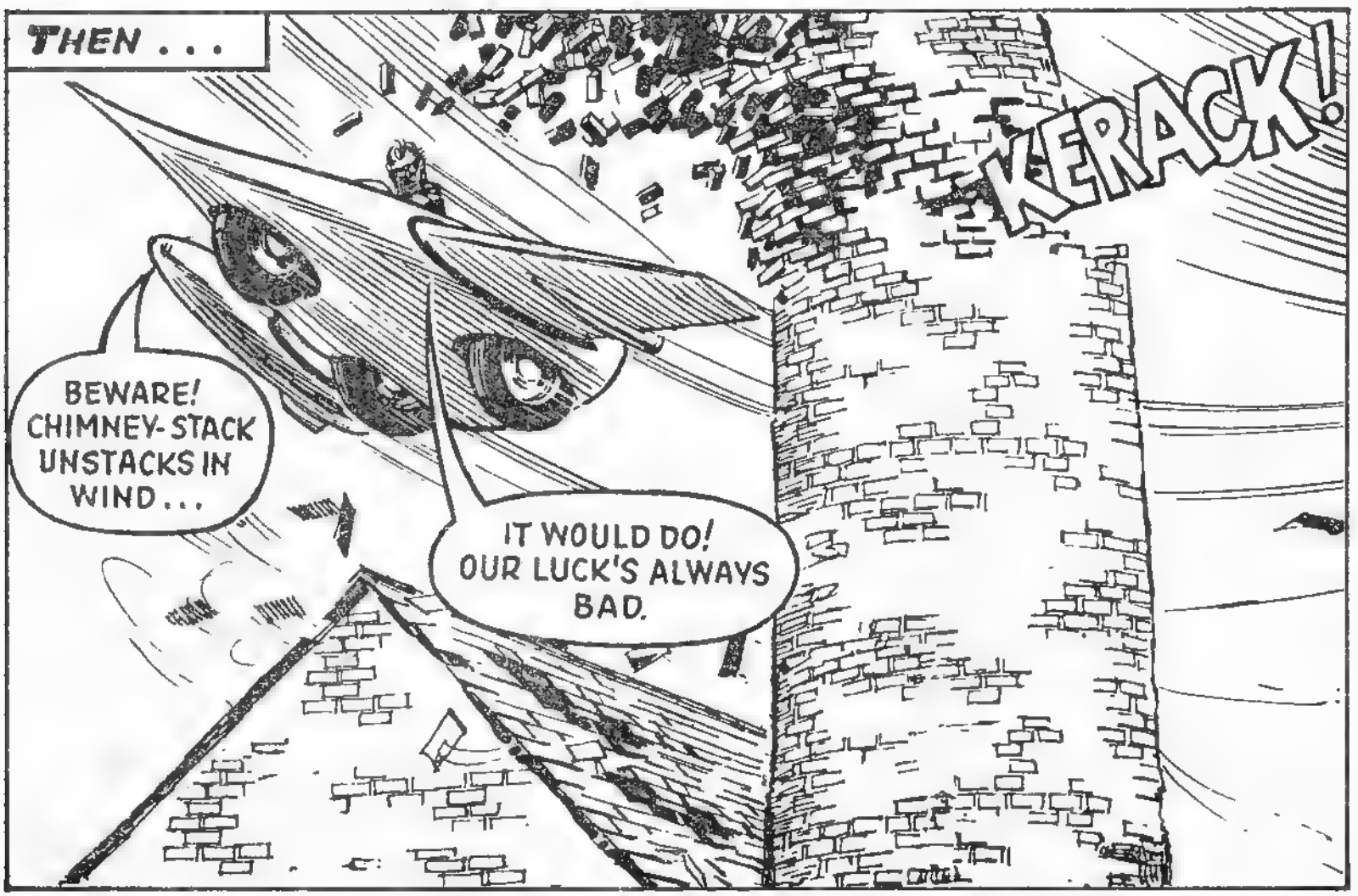
THEY DIVED FOR THE AMAZING AERO-CYCLE . . .
ACTION STATIONS! TO THE RESCUE . . . WE'LL FOLLOW THE SIGNALS.
MAYBE WE HAVE CHANCE TO ALSO MAKE QUICK DOLLAR OR TWO?


THE HIDE-OUT WALL OPENED . . .
ARCHER CHUM, HERE WE COME! KEEP TUNED IN, CHANGO.
WHOOOOOSH!!!

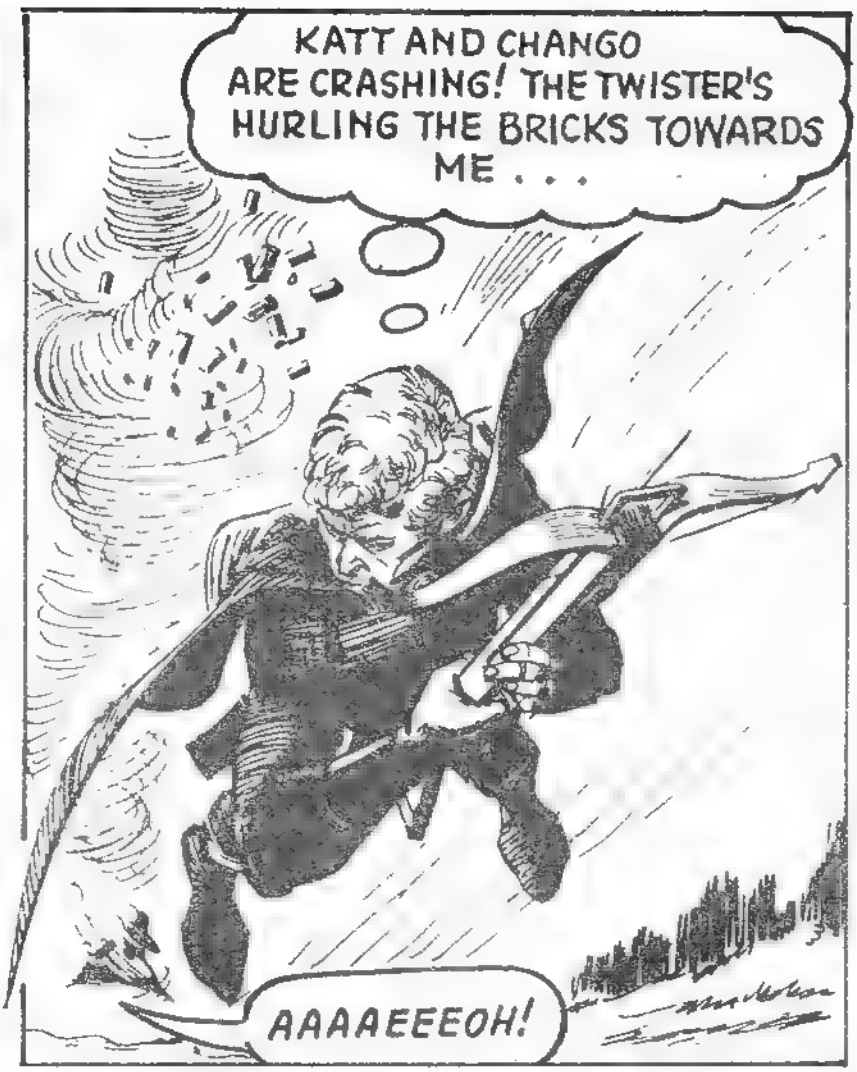
MEANWHILE . . .
NO ANSWER FROM CHANGO AND KATT... WHAT COULD THEY DO, ANYWAY? PERHAPS I CAN BREAK OUT FROM THIS WIND TRAP? A SUPER-POWER BOLT MIGHT CARRY ME CLEAR...
THE SPECIAL BOLT BLASTED . . .
WHIZZZZZZ!
GREAT JET-BOOST JAVELINS, I'VE MADE IT! . . . NO, DON'T TELL ME THE AERO-CYCLE IS ABOUT TO ARRIVE. NOT NOW!


MILES AWAY, AN UNCANNY FIGURE . . . THE 'WEATHERMAN' . . . WATCHED EVERY MOVE . . .
MISTER TWISTER . . . YOU'RE SLIPPING! GET THE BLACK ARCHER . . . I WANT HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE!


THE UNCANNY 'TWISTER' SHRIEKED IN PURSUIT . . .
WILL GO-OOOOOO! O-O-O-ORDER RECEIVED!
KATT, THERE IS HONOURABLE CHIEF! TO THE RESCUE!

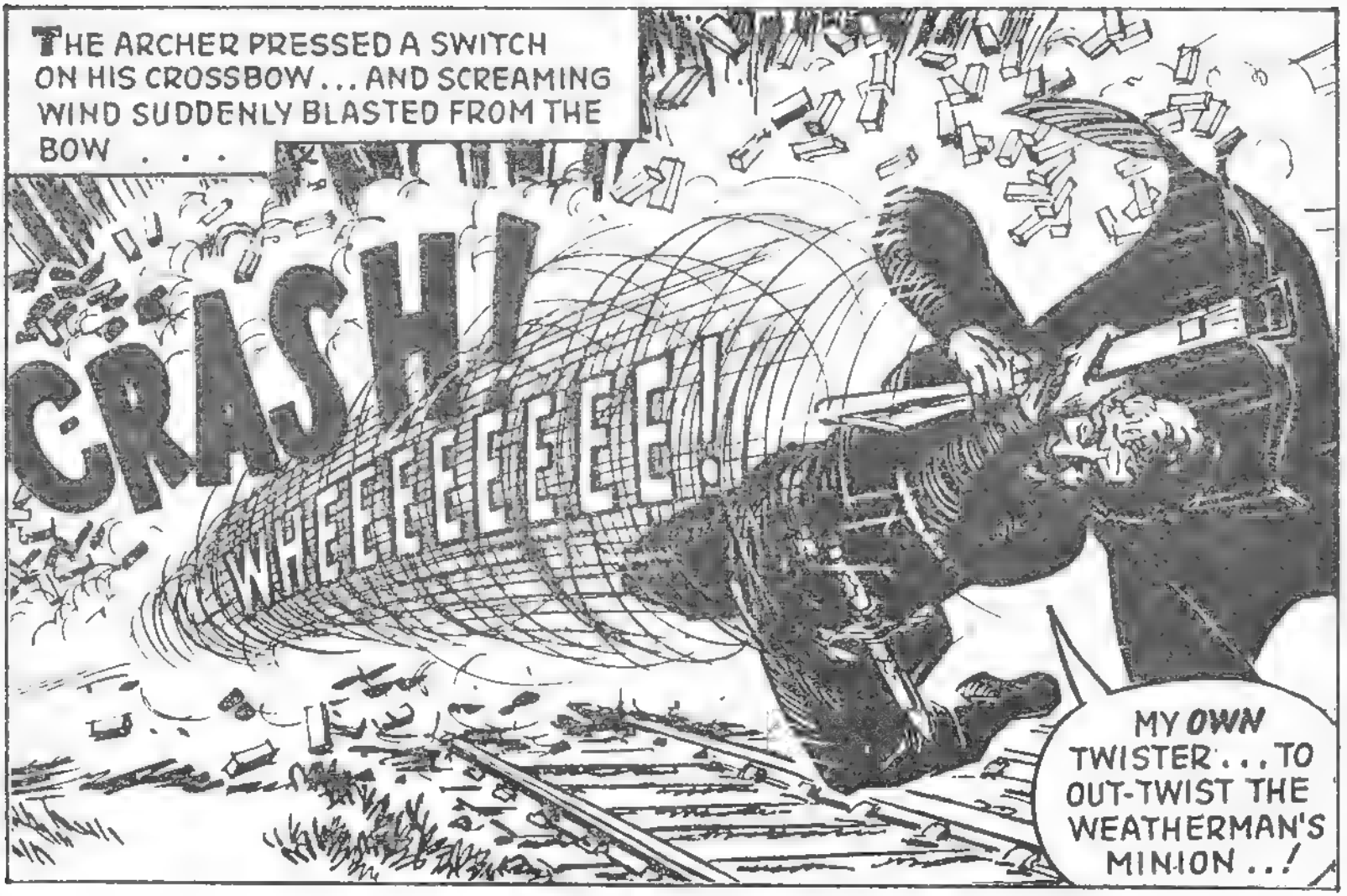

THEN . . .
KERACK!
BEWARE! CHIMNEY-STACK UNSTACKS IN WIND . . .
IT WOULD DO! OUR LUCK'S ALWAYS BAD.

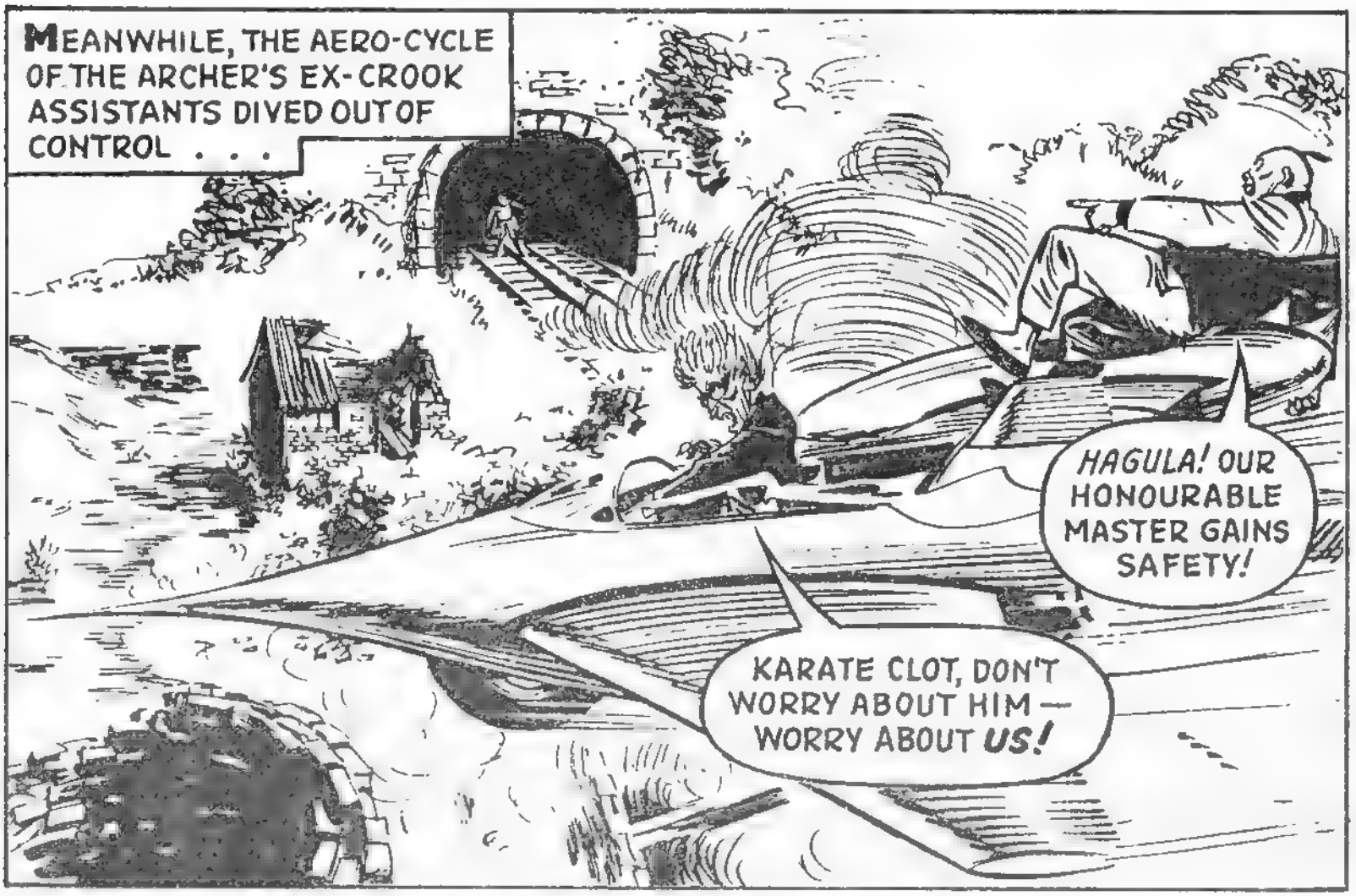
A BRICK HIT THE CONTROLS! SOMETHING'S FUSED! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
NO! NO! NOT AT THIS SPEED!


KATT AND CHANGO ARE CRASHING! THE TWISTER'S HURLING THE BRICKS TOWARDS ME . . .
AAAAEEEOH!

HEH! HAH! THREE BIRDS WILL BE KILLED BY ONE STONE... OR BRICK. THREE ENEMIES WIPED OUT BY ONE WHIRLWIND STROKE!
GALE

WHEEEEEEOOO-HO-HOO! ARCHER, YOU ARE DOO-OOMED!
THE STACK'S ALMOST ON ME! A SPLIT SECOND MORE AND I'LL BE BURIED IN BRICKS!
DI-I-IEEEEEE!
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT A TORNADO . . . JOIN IT! I'VE ONE TRICK LEFT . . . THE BLACK WIND OF FATE!


THE ARCHER PRESSED A SWITCH ON HIS CROSSBOW... AND SCREAMING WIND SUDDENLY BLASTED FROM THE BOW . . .
CRASH!
WHEEEEEEEEE!
MY OWN TWISTER... TO OUT-TWIST THE WEATHERMAN'S MINION..!

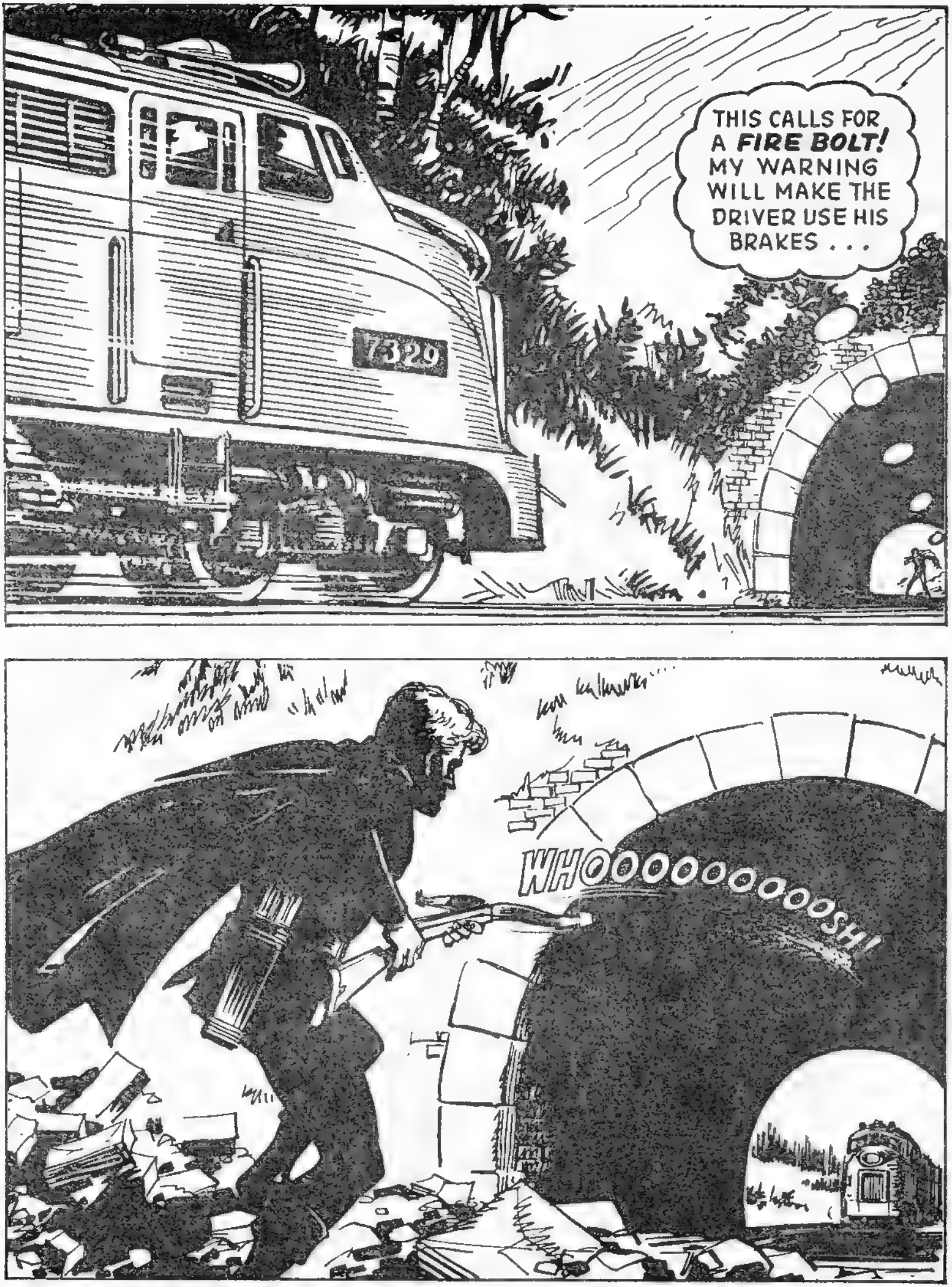

MEANWHILE, THE AERO-CYCLE OF THE ARCHER'S EX-CROOK ASSISTANTS DIVED OUT OF CONTROL . . .
HAGULA! OUR HONOURABLE MASTER GAINS SAFETY!
KARATE CLOT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM — WORRY ABOUT US!

FEAR LENT KATT SUPERHUMAN SKILL . . .
A SOFT SAND LANDING! MY KATT GENIUS SAVES MY NINE LIVES. WE'RE STILL LIVING!
UNK!
THE WEATHERMAN WATCHED FROM AFAR...
THE ARCHER ESCAPES! THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, A MERE MORTAL OUTWITS ME... TWISTER, YOU FOOL, I COULD TWIST YOUR NECK!

MISTER TWISTER, SEIZE THE ARCHER'S ASSISTANTS BEFORE THEY ALSO ELUDE YOU. BRING THEM TO ME! I CAN USE THEM AS BAIT!

RADIO RELAYED THE CRIES TO THE ARCHER...
ARCHER! ARCHER! HELP!
GIANT WIND FIGURE CHASES US. WHY CAN'T IT CHASE HIM!
THE 'TWISTER' CAPTURES MY NOT-SO-COWARDLY ASSISTANTS! WHATEVER THE RISK, I'LL TRACE THE SIGNALS OF THEIR MINIATURE TRANSMITTERS. I MUST RESCUE THEM AND DISCOVER WHAT CRIMES THE WEIRD WEATHERMAN IS PLANNING!

THE SOUND OF A TRAIN CAME FROM THE DISTANCE . . .
AAAAAAAGH!
A TRAIN . . . AND THE LINES ARE COVERED BY BRICKS. BOLTS OF DEATH, THERE'LL BE A COLLISION!
I MUST WARN THE TRAIN CREW FIRST—MAKE THEM HALT! THE PASSENGERS ARE IN GREATER PERIL THAN CHANGO AND KATT!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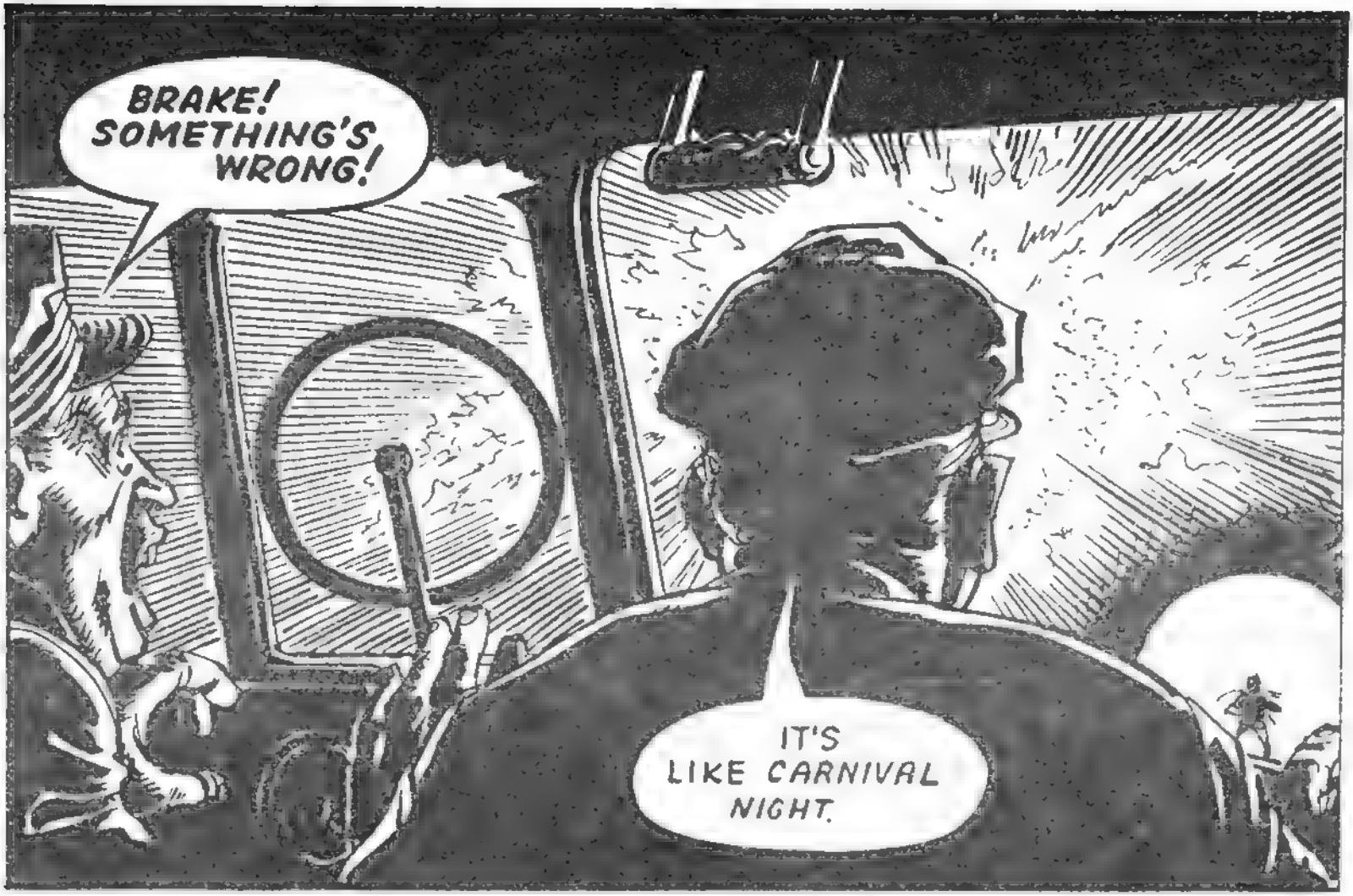
THIS CALLS FOR A FIRE BOLT! MY WARNING WILL MAKE THE DRIVER USE HIS BRAKES . . .
WHOOOOOOOOOSH!


BRAKE! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
IT'S LIKE CARNIVAL NIGHT.

POLICE CHIEF DELANEY WAS ONE OF THE PASSENGERS . . .
. . . SO I GOT MY POLICE CAR WRECKED BY A WHIRLWIND IN THE SHAPE OF A MAN!
NEVER MIND, CHIEF . . . IT'S SAFER TO TRAVEL BY RAIL.

AS THE BRAKES WERE JAMMED ON . . .
I . . . AAAAAGH! IT'S ALL HAPPENING AGAIN!
WHY CAN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH CLOSED?

THE TRAIN SLOWED IN TIME . . . BUT DEBRIS HIT THE BLACK ARCHER . . .
THE LINE WAS BLOCKED! IF WE'D HIT THAT MESS AT SPEED . . .
PHEW, IT WORKED . . . AUGH!

AS THE BLACK ARCHER SLUMPED DOWN, HE REVERTED TO HIS REAL IDENTITY!
CHIEF, SOMEONE'S THERE! MAYBE THIS WAS A SABOTAGE JOB.
CHIMNEYS DON'T FALL BY THEMSELVES!
IT'S THAT CUB REPORTER... CLEM MACEY!
HUH?
ANY TIME SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME, MACEY'S AROUND. HOLD HIM... BOOK HIM ON SUSPICION! TAKE THAT DETECTIVE'S NIGHTMARE TO HEADQUARTERS!

YOU . . . YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! I MEAN...
CAN'T I? JUST YOU WATCH! WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND, SOMETHING HAPPENS . . . LIKE TROUBLE . . . FOR ME!

OUCH! YOU'RE TREADING ON MY FINGERS! YOU'RE A MENACE! PUBLIC NUISANCE NUMBER ONE!
STEADY! I'M GOING...

PHEW, AT LEAST NO ONE DREAMS I'M THE BLACK ARCHER! BUT HOW CAN I FOLLOW CHANGO AND KATT? THEY'RE IN DEAD TROUBLE... DEAD COULD BE THE RIGHT WORD!
MEANWHILE, KATT AND CHANGO WERE SWEPT ON BY MISTER TWISTER, THE WEATHER MAN'S WHIRLWIND . . .
K-KATT, THE BLACK ARCHER'S DESERTED US! HE VELLY MUCH MISSING!
THEN WE'RE FOR THE CHOP!
DESPERATELY, KATT TRANSMITTED RADIO SIGNALS FOR THE ARCHER TO FOLLOW . . .
SHUT UP! I AIN'T ALL THAT CRAZY KEEN, EITHER!
WE'RE BEING TAKEN TO DISHONOURABLE 'GHOST TOWN'! I NOT LIKEE!

THE WHIRLWIND DIVED . . .
WOEEE-EEEEEEEE! CALLING WEATHERMAN... AM BRI-I-INGING CAPTIVVEEES!
ERK! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
THEY WERE DUMPED AT THE FOOT OF THE WELL . . .
WELL! WELL! THE WEATHERMAN WANTS YOU . . . BUT BAD!
DON'T EVEN LOOK UGLY... OR YOU'RE DEAD!

THE WEATHERMAN WAITED . . .
STORMY GREETINGS, MY BLACK ARCHER ADDICTS! I FEAR YOU ARE IN FOR BAD WEATHER.
WE...WE DON'T EVEN *LIKE* THE BLACK ARCHER. HOW'S ABOUT BEING FRIENDS?

LIGHTNING FLASHED . . .
PSSSSSSSSST!
CRINGE, CUNNING COWARDS! *YOUR ONLY USE IS TO LURE THE BLACK ARCHER TO ME . . .*
YEEK! WE . . . WE'RE *NATURAL* COWARDS!

KATT AND CHANGO WERE SEIZED...
A TRANSMITTER... TUNED TO YOUR ARCHER FOOL'S WAVELENGTH! YOU WILL SUMMON HIM HERE!
WE'VE ALREADY TRIED!

AT THAT MOMENT...
IT... IT'S STUFFY IN HERE. MAY I OPEN A WINDOW?
OPEN ANYTHING... ONLY DON'T LET THINGS HAPPEN TO ME.

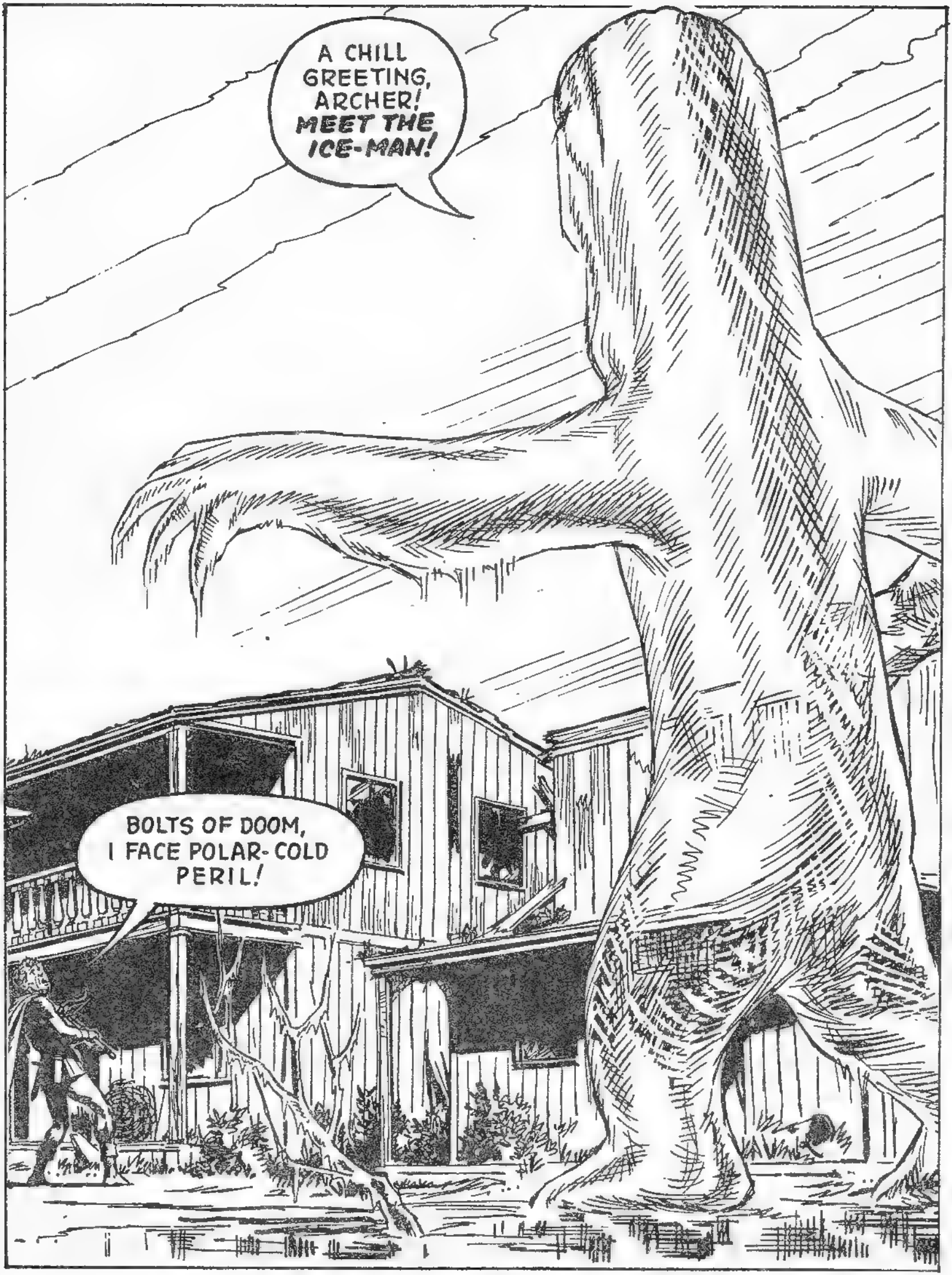
EAGLE P.L..3

CLEM HAD A DESPERATE IDEA ... AND PULLED THE COMMUNICATION-CORD!
THERE HE IS ... THE BLACK ARCHER! I'LL STOP THE TRAIN!
AGH! MACEY, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
POLICE PILED OUT...
IN THOSE BUSHES! I SAW HIM ... THE BLACK ARCHER HIMSELF!
IT HAD BETTER BE! IF IT'S A FALSE ALARM I'LL GET YOU THREE MONTHS IN JAIL!

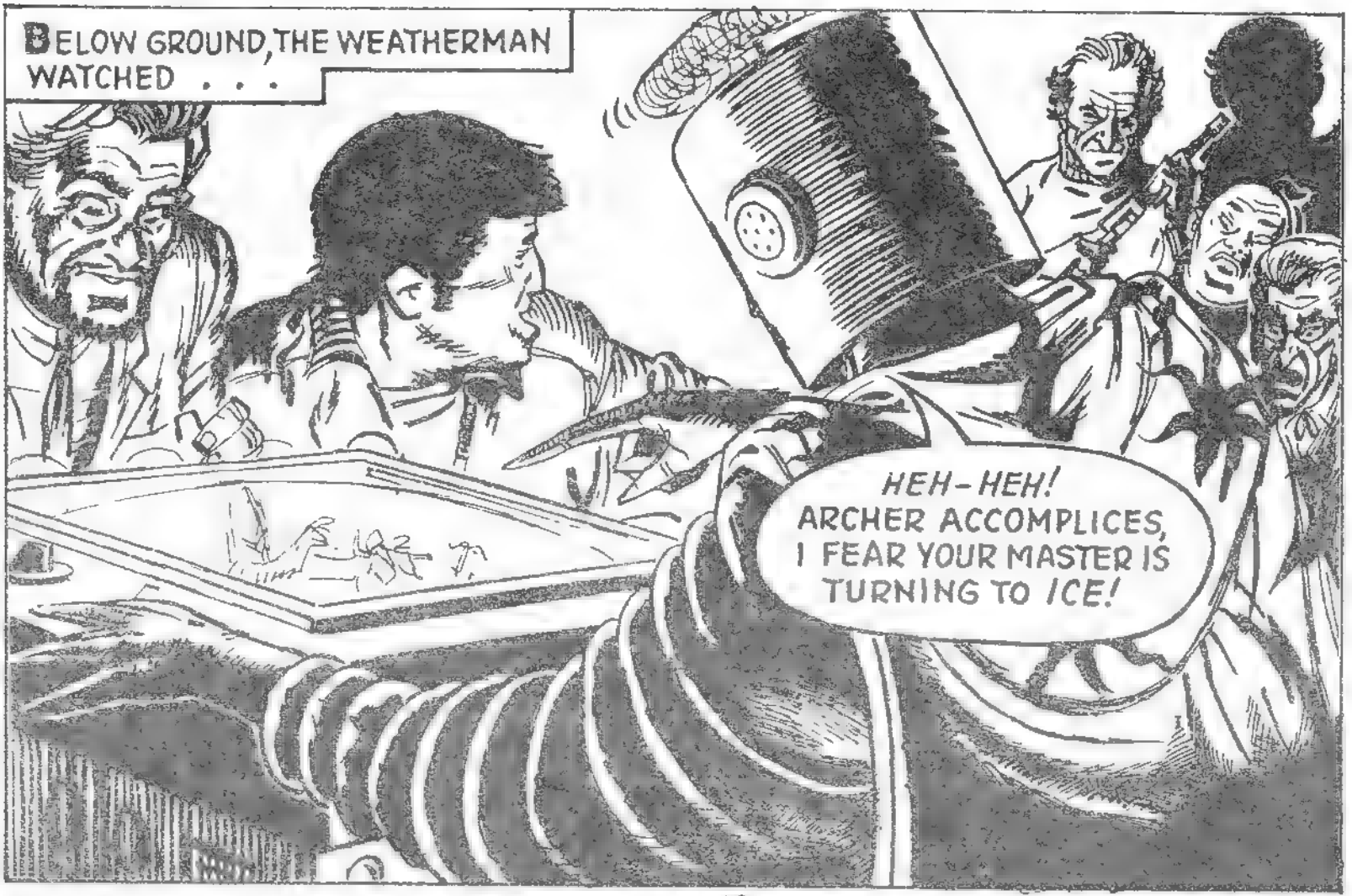
CLEM SEIZED HIS CHANCE . . .
I WON'T DISAPPOINT THEM! THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED... NOW THEY'LL HEAR FROM THE BLACK ARCHER!
A SMOKE-BOLT FLASHED . . .
POW
LOOKING FOR ME? I SEE YOU'VE ARRESTED THE WRONG PERSON. ...AS USUAL. MUST I ALWAYS PUT YOUR MISTAKES RIGHT?
I SHALL RESCUE MACEY WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT. JUSTICE MUST BE JUST! THEN I LEAVE TO DEAL WITH THE WEATHERMAN!

A POWER-BOLT BLASTED INTO SPACE . . .
ALL IS WELL . . . THEY CAN'T SEE ME FOR SMOKE. I'VE PROVIDED AN ARCHER ALIBI FOR CLUMSY CLEM.
WE . . . WE'VE BEEN 'ARCHERED'! CHIEF, WHERE ARE YOU?
THE BLACK ARCHER RETURNED TO WHERE HIS DAMAGED AERO-BIKE WAS LEFT . . . SWIFTLY HE REPAIRED IT, THEN . . .
HELLO, AN EMERGENCY CALL IS COMING FROM CHANGO AND KATT. BOLTS OF DOOM, THEY'RE CAPTIVES AT THE WEATHERMAN'S HIDE-OUT!

THE BLACK ARCHER FOLLOWED THE SIGNALS . . .
AN OLD WESTERN GHOST TOWN... IT MUST BE THE HIDE-OUT! BETTER PLAY IT ARCHER-COOL AND TRY A RECONNAISSANCE!
THE ARCHER COMES! HEH-HEH, THE ICE-MAN SHALL MEET HIM! WE ARE ABOUT TO HAVE THE ARCHER ON ICE!

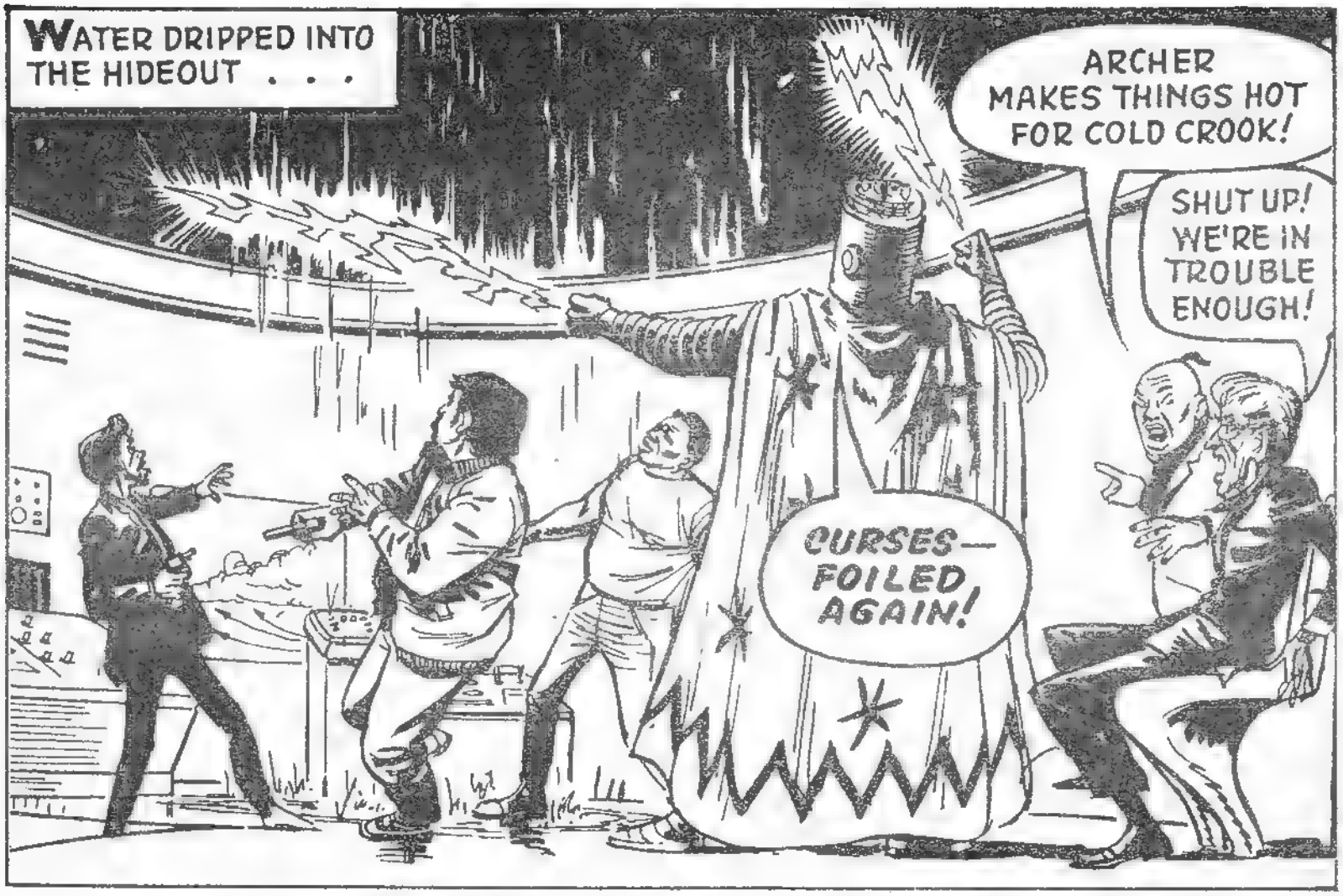

A CHILL GREETING, ARCHER! MEET THE ICE-MAN!
BOLTS OF DOOM, I FACE POLAR-COLD PERIL!

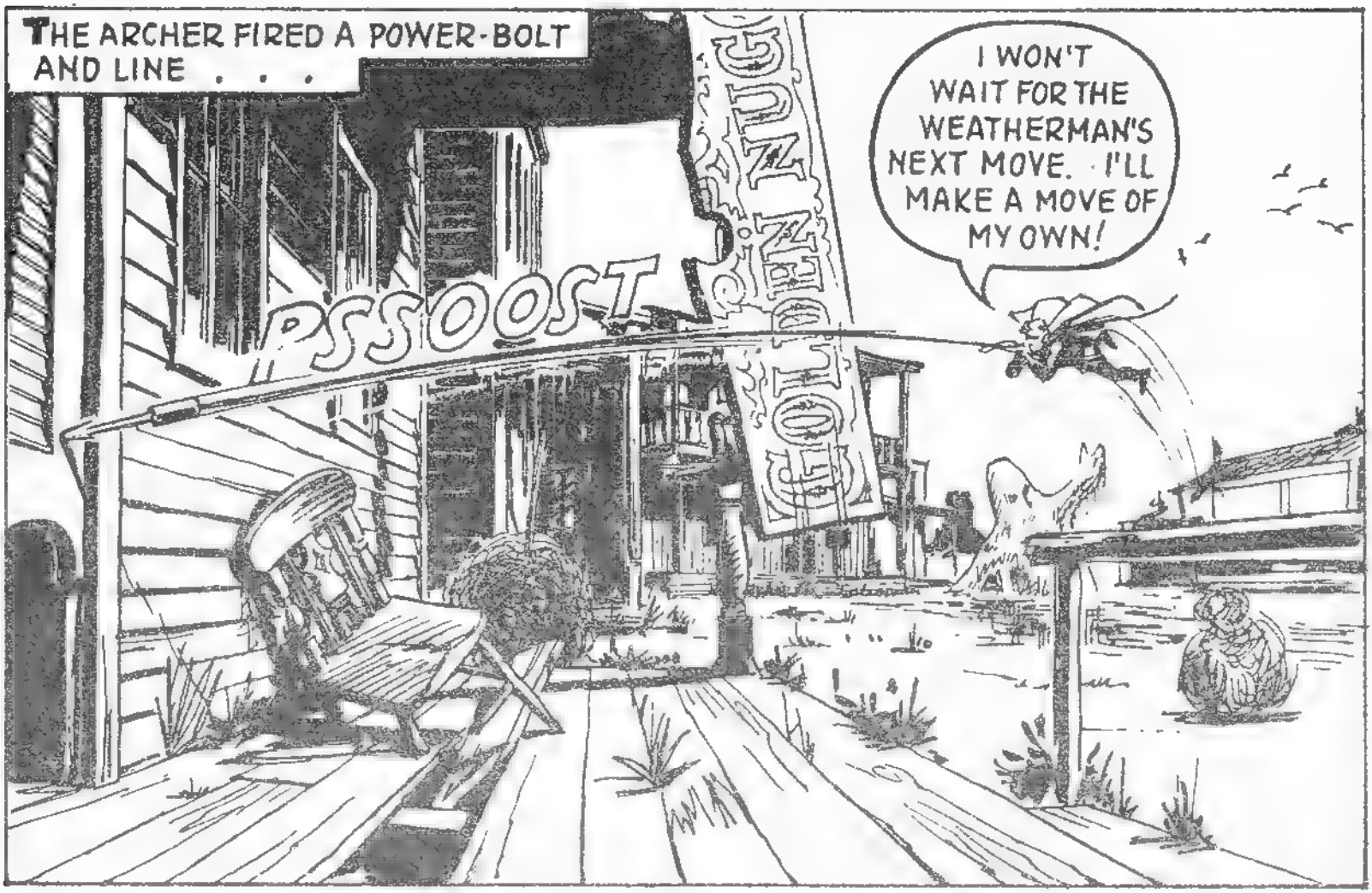
VAST ICE ARMS OUTSTRETCHED...
AAAAAAGH!
A FROSTY FUNERAL IS YOURS!


BELOW GROUND, THE WEATHERMAN WATCHED . . .
HEH-HEH! ARCHER ACCOMPLICES, I FEAR YOUR MASTER IS TURNING TO ICE!

I'LL NOT HURRY HIS DEATH! YOU ARE THE NEXT ON THE LIST!
W-WE CAN WAIT! WE'RE NOT IM-IMPATIENT!
MEANWHILE, IN DESPERATION...
I...I'M FREEZING!... MUST DRAW THE BLACK DIRK OF POWER... BEFORE MY MUSCLES SET FAST!

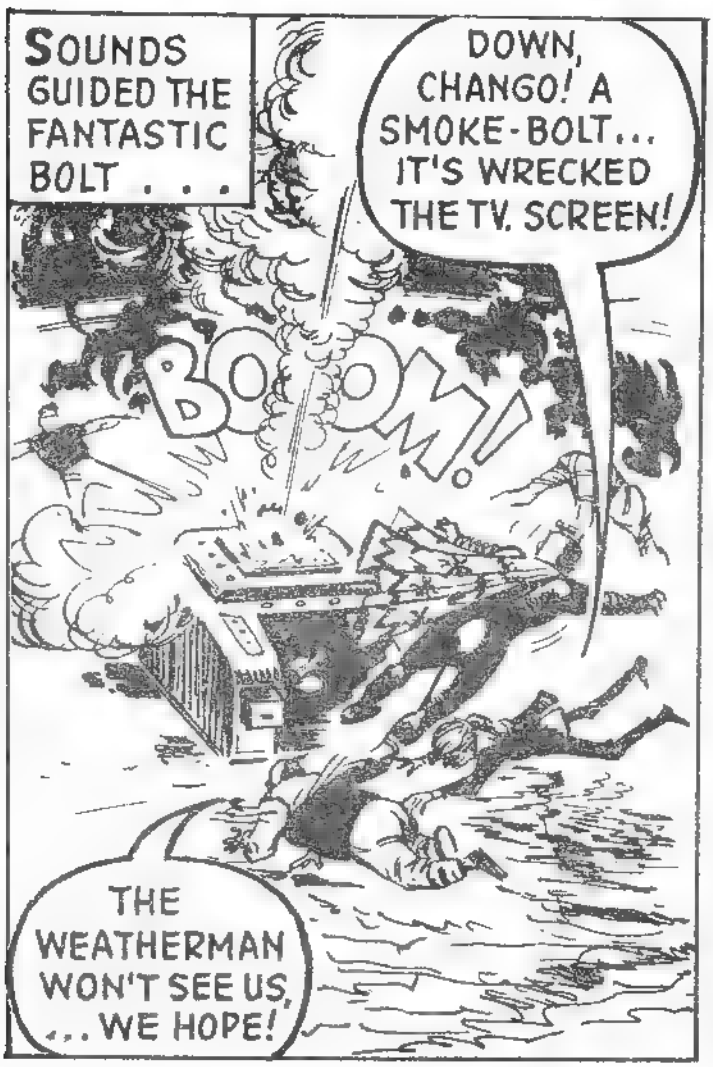
SUPER-HEAT BLASTED FROM THE DIRK...
AAAAAAAAH!
HIS GRIP MELTS!
THE ICE-MAN MELTETH! TELL YOUR WEATHERMAN HE'S IN FOR SOME HEAVY WEATHER WHEN I CATCH UP WITH HIM!

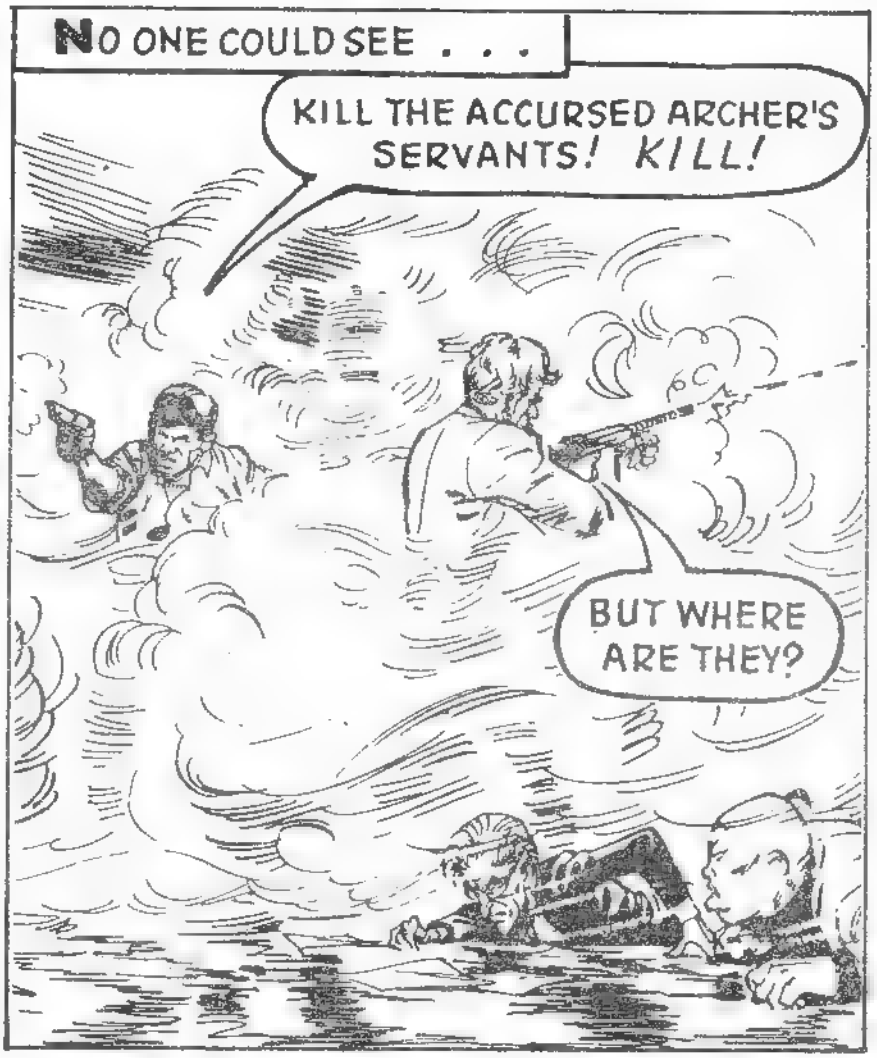

WATER DRIPPED INTO THE HIDEOUT . . .
ARCHER MAKES THINGS HOT FOR COLD CROOK!
SHUT UP! WE'RE IN TROUBLE ENOUGH!
CURSES— FOILED AGAIN!


THE ARCHER FIRED A POWER-BOLT AND LINE . . .
I WON'T WAIT FOR THE WEATHERMAN'S NEXT MOVE. I'LL MAKE A MOVE OF MY OWN!
PSSOOST
GOLDEN EAGLE

NEXT MOMENT...
MISSED HIM!
THE ARCHER'S GONE INTO HIDING!
SPEAK! TELL THE ARCHER TO SURRENDER... OR I KILL YOU SLOWLY.
YEAH... ARCHER, SURRENDER! OR WE'LL GET THE 'CHOP'!
THE ARCHER'S CONCEALED RADIO RECEIVER TRACED THE SIGNAL . . .
MESSAGE RECEIVED! WEATHERMAN, I'M GIVING MYSELF UP... AFTER A FASHION!

HE FIRED A SMOKE-BOLT THROUGH THE FLOOR..!
PFOW!


SOUNDS GUIDED THE FANTASTIC BOLT . . .
DOWN, CHANGO! A SMOKE-BOLT... IT'S WRECKED THE TV. SCREEN!
BOOM!
THE WEATHERMAN WON'T SEE US, ...WE HOPE!


NO ONE COULD SEE . . .
KILL THE ACCURSED ARCHER'S SERVANTS! KILL!
BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

CHANGO AND KATT USED THROAT MICROPHONES.
WE'RE HERE, ARCHER! SSST! CAN ONLY SPEAK SOFTLY SOFTLY . . .
YIKES! S-SORRY, BOSS!
GET THEM!

TWO THUGS SPRANG FORWARD...
HERE THEY ARE!
CHANGO, GIVE THEM THE CHOP!

CHANGO WAS A KARATE EXPERT...
WHAM!
CLOP!
ARCHER, WE'RE HERE! DO SOMETHING!
A GUST OF WIND CLEARED THE SMOKE . . .
DON'T MOVE ... OR ONE LIGHTNING-STROKE WILL FRY YOU TO CINDERS . . .
ooo
... UNLESS THE ARCHER SURRENDERS, HE'LL SACRIFICE YOU!

HONOURABLE ARCHER, SURRENDER . . . OR WE WILL BE *FRIED* BY LIGHTNING!
PLEASE, ARCHER! OUR ***RESISTANCE*** IS LOW!

LIGHTNING FLASHED WARNINGLY . . .
THEY KID YOU NOT, ARCHER! COME DOWN . . . OR YOUR CRAVEN CRONIES GET THE HIGH-VOLTAGE TREATMENT.
YIKES!
KERPHIZZ
ON THE FLOOR ABOVE . . .
LET THE COWARDS DIE! NO, BETTER . . . I'LL SLAY THEM MYSELF. THE TRAITORS LURED ME HERE. THE BLACK ARCHER WILL BE THEIR BLACK EXECUTIONER!

STAND BACK OR BE BLASTED INTO OBLIVION WITH THEM! HERE'S THE *DEATH BOLT*... MY DOOM-DEALING DESTROYER!
KERPOW!

DOWN EVERYONE!
HE... HE DOESN'T MEAN IT— *I THINK!*

WE'RE LASSOED!
NO, ARCHER! NO!
A RECOIL DEVICE SNATCHED THE LINE IN!
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM... FOOL 'EM! THIS SHOULD GIVE THE WEATHERMAN A WET WEEK!
WHOOMPF!

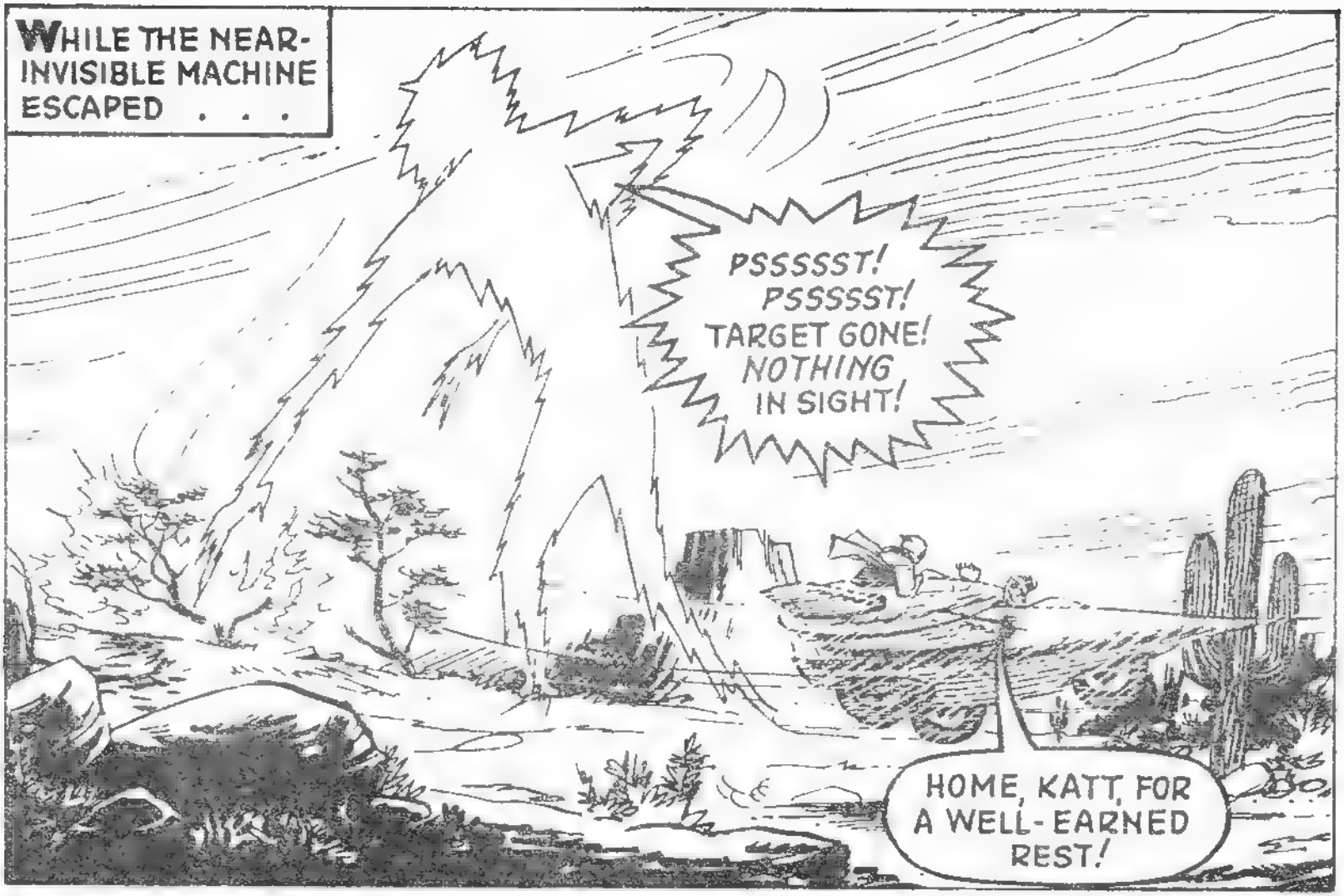
I'LL 'HOME' THE AERO-BIKE DOWN TO YOU! GET ABOARD!
LIKE SPEEDO, MAN! WE'RE AWAY!

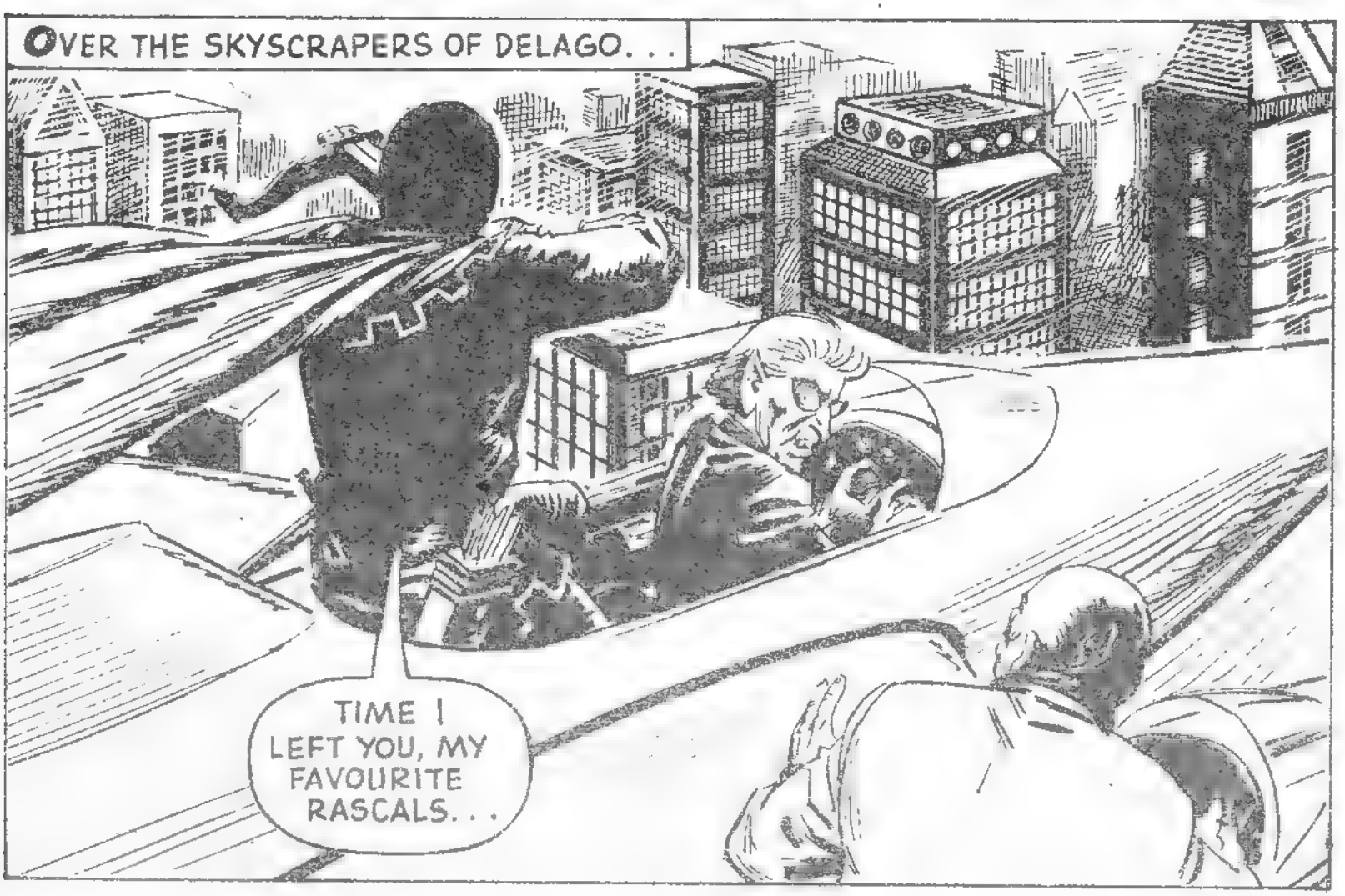
LOOK OUT... THE BLACK ARCHER! HE'S FIRING!
TRICKED, BY THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! I'LL . . .

IT WAS A BOUNCING, REBOUNDING RICOCHET BOLT!
SHARE IT... THERE'S ENOUGH TO GO ROUND! A MERRY ARCHER FAREWELL!
KERDOYNG!
AAH!
ULK!
KATT AND CHANGO WERE SAFE IN THE AERO-CYCLE . . .
TAKE OFF, MY HAPPY HENCHMEN... I'LL JOIN YOU!
GREAT IS THE ARCHER . . . ARTFUL ARCHER! VELLY SLICK!

A POWER BOLT ROARED . . .
ZOOOOOOOM!
COMING ABOARD!
TO THINK WE NEARLY MISJUDGED HIM! HE'S A CRAFTY CHIEF...CHIEFLY CRAFTY!
MAKE FOR THE BLACK ARCHER HIDE-OUT! MY 'RECOIL STYLE' RESCUE WILL HAVE UPSET THE WEATHERMAN MORE THAN SOMEWHAT.
HAD US WORRIED TOO, CHIEF! JUST A TRIFLE!

MEANWHILE . . .
LIGHTNING-MAN, HUNT DOWN THE ARCHER AIRCRAFT . . . ANNIHILATE IT! MAKE A LIGHTNING-STRIKE AGAINST THE AIR-BIKE!
SHEESH! HE'S REAL STORMY!
FROM THE DISUSED WELL CRACKLED A TERRIBLE PURSUER . . .
TARGET SIGHTED! ALL FIREBALL POWER GO!
ARCHER, LOOK OUT! BEHIND US!
THE AMAZING AERO-CYCLE WAS FITTED WITH A CONTROL WHICH MADE IT INVISIBLE FROM A DISTANCE!
INVISIBILISER . . . ON!
ORDER OBEYED! HE WON'T SEE US UNLESS HE GETS REAL CLOSE!


WHILE THE NEAR-INVISIBLE MACHINE ESCAPED . . .
PSSSSST! PSSSSST! TARGET GONE! NOTHING IN SIGHT!
HOME, KATT, FOR A WELL-EARNED REST!


OVER THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DELAGO. . .
TIME I LEFT YOU, MY FAVOURITE RASCALS. . .

THE BLACK ARCHER DIVED WHEN A CERTAIN BUILDING WAS BELOW...
THE ARCHER LANDED ON THE TV. HEADQUARTERS. THEN . . .
NOW TO CHANGE BACK TO CLUMSY CLEM MACEY. BUT I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN THE LAST OF WEATHERMAN. . .

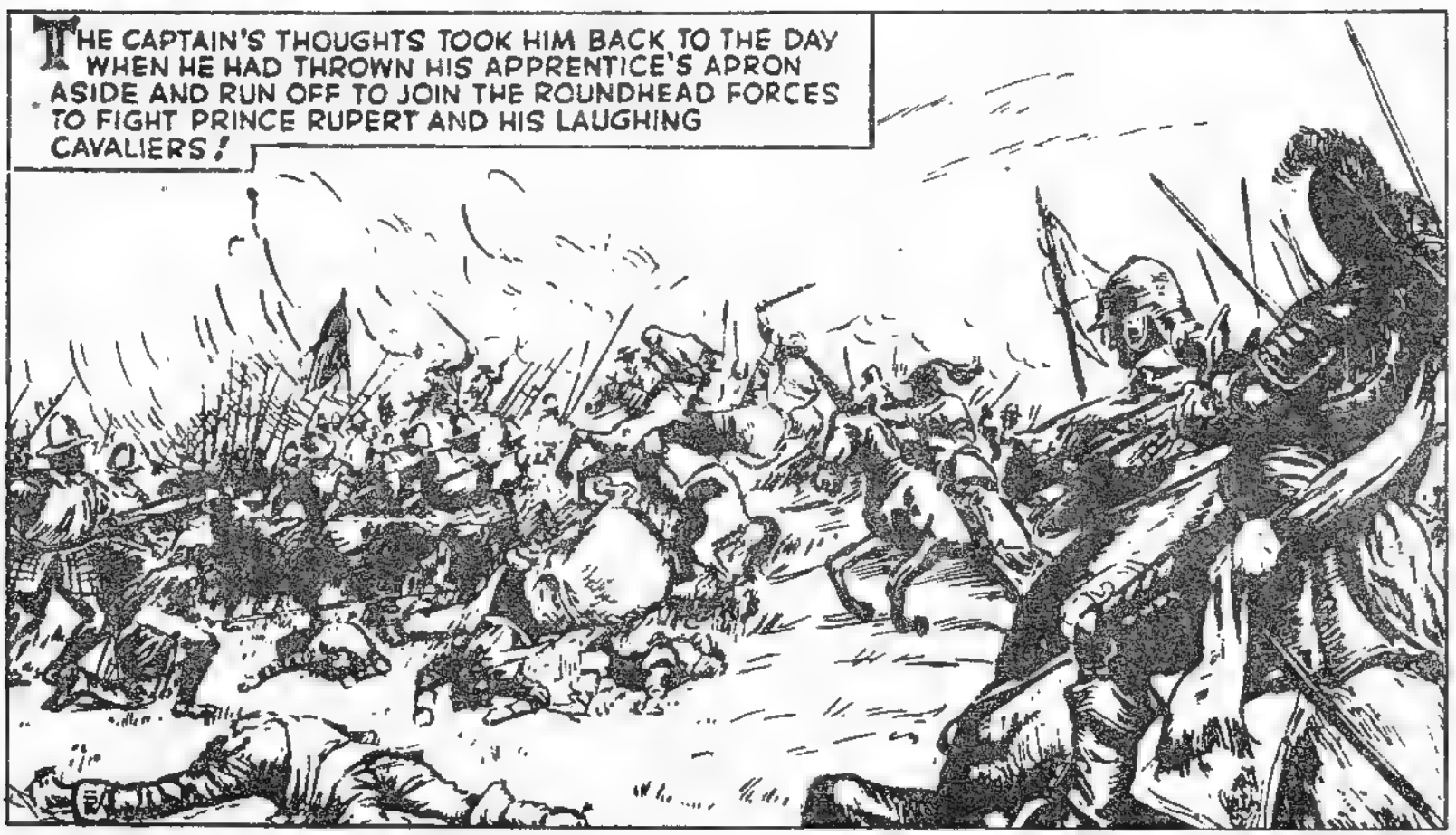
THE FACE OF DEATH

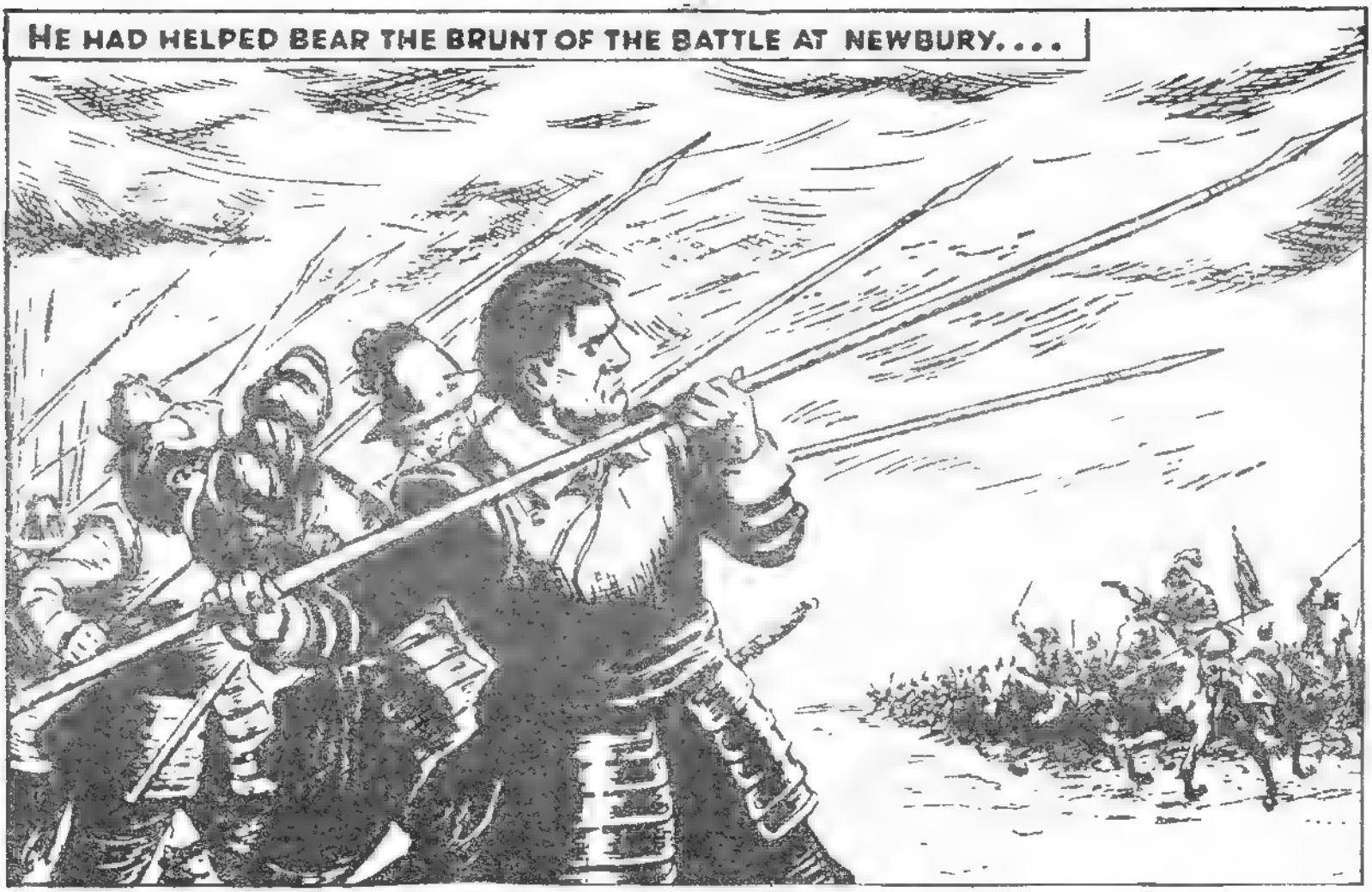
BY MASSACRE AND WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER, OLIVER CROMWELL HAD IMPOSED HIS RULE ON IRELAND AND WAS NOW GIVING AWAY TWO-THIRDS OF THE COUNTRY TO HIS FOLLOWERS. JOHN ELWORTHY, A CAPTAIN OF CROMWELL'S CAVALRY, WAS ONE OF THESE LUCKY MEN.

TYREE MANOR— AND IT'S ALL MINE!

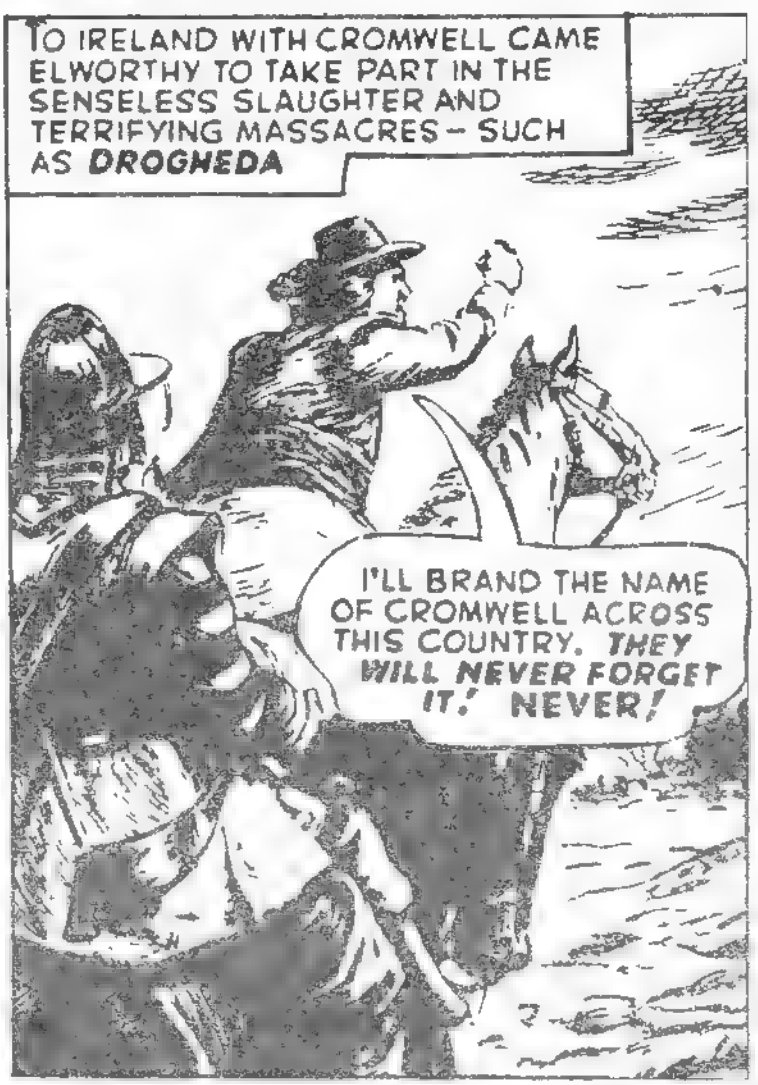
YES, CAPTAIN ELWORTHY COULD NOW EXCHANGE HIS TRADE OF FOLLOWING THE DRUM FOR THAT OF COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. PRIDE ROSE HIGH WITHIN HIM.

THE CAPTAIN'S THOUGHTS TOOK HIM BACK TO THE DAY WHEN HE HAD THROWN HIS APPRENTICE'S APRON ASIDE AND RUN OFF TO JOIN THE ROUNDHEAD FORCES TO FIGHT PRINCE RUPERT AND HIS LAUGHING CAVALIERS!




HE HAD HELPED BEAR THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE AT NEWBURY....

THEN CROMWELL SUDDENLY EMERGED AS THE ROUNDHEADS' TOP FIGHTING MAN AND UNDER HIM ELWORTHY OBTAINED COMMAND OF A MOUNTED TROOP.
I NOTICE YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE ALWAYS WELL MOUNTED, ELWORTHY. HOW DO YOU COME BY YOUR HORSES—OR SHOULDN'T I ASK THAT?
LET US SAY THEY COME UNDER THE HEADING OF LAWFUL PLUNDER, GENERAL.


TO IRELAND WITH CROMWELL CAME ELWORTHY TO TAKE PART IN THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER AND TERRIFYING MASSACRES—SUCH AS DROGHEDA
I'LL BRAND THE NAME OF CROMWELL ACROSS THIS COUNTRY. THEY WILL NEVER FORGET IT! NEVER!

AND NOW FOR LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE JOHN ELWORTHY HAD RECEIVED AS REWARD THE GOODLY MANOR AND ESTATES OF TYREE.

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SEND MY SERGEANT AND MEN ON FIRST. THEY WILL HAVE PREPARED OLD TYREE FOR MY ARRIVAL.

HIS HEART GAVE A GREAT LEAP. HERE HE WOULD LIVE FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, MARRY, FOUND A FAMILY OF GENTLEFOLK.

MY CHILDREN SHALL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE ANYTHING BUT LANDED GENTRY.

THE ROUNDHEAD HALTED HIS TIRED HORSE ON THE LITTLE BRIDGE AND STARED APPRAISINGLY DOWN AT THE STREAM BELOW.

WHAT'S THAT I SEE? A BIG FAT TROUT! WHAT FISHING I SHALL HAVE HERE!

THE FISH DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOW OF HIS HORSE. THEN ELWORTHY CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF HIS FACE IN THE STREAM — BUT NEVER IN HIS LIFE COULD HE HAVE LOOKED SO.
THAT GREY-WHITE FACE, THOSE STARING EYEBALLS AND ALL ROUND THEM THE WATER SLOWLY REDDENING — WHAT WAS IT THEN HE HAD SEEN?

HE SAT THERE DUMBFOUNDED. THEN HIS HORSE, CATCHING FRIGHT FROM HIS PARALYSED STILLNESS, SNORTED AND EDGED AWAY FROM THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.
I'LL NOT SEEK TO STOP YOU, YOU BRUTE; I'VE NO WISH TO REMAIN HERE
AND HE DUG HIS SPURS DEEPLY INTO HIS MOUNT'S SIDES.

AT THE HOUSE TWO SERVING MEN RAN DOWN THE STEPS TO TAKE HIS HORSE. A THIRD BOWED BEFORE HIM AS IF TO ASK HIM TO FOLLOW HIM.
TAKE ME TO YOUR MASTER. AND TELL ONE OF THESE OTHER OAFS TO BRING ME MY PISTOLS.
HIS HONOUR IS IN THE DINING ROOM AT HIS BREAKFAST.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD THE SERVITOR LED THE CAPTAIN INTO THE HOUSE TO A LONG ROOM WHERE SAT AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN.
CAPTAIN ELWORTHY, YOUR HONOUR.
AH, CAPTAIN. WILL YOU JOIN ME FOR BREAKFAST?

AS CAVAN TYREE SPOKE, A SERVANT STEPPED UP BEHIND ELWORTHY AND SILENTLY PLACED THE ROUNDHEAD'S TWO HEAVY PISTOLS ON THE TABLE.
THANK YOU, SIR. I'D BE VERY GLAD JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO ILL FEELING.
YOU SEEM UNCOMFORTABLE. WHAT ILL FEELING SHOULD THERE BE, CAPTAIN?

YOU REFER NO DOUBT TO YOUR TAKING MY HOME AWAY FROM ME! TUT! THE FORTUNES OF WAR! I BEAR NO ILL FEELING. A GLASS OF WINE?
THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S EYES LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH CAPTAIN ELWORTHY LIKE TWO THIN STEEL BLADES.

THE CAPTAIN SCOWLED. MORE AND MORE HE BECAME AWARE OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND THIS TALL, SLIM GENTLEMAN. HE BARKED HIS NEXT WORDS.
MY SERGEANT! I MUST HAVE WORDS WITH MY SERGEANT! WHERE IS HE?
HE HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, I ASSURE YOU. COME, A GLASS OF WINE AND THEN I WILL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

THE IRISHMAN LED THE WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE.
YOUR MEN ARE RESTING IN MY STABLES. THEY HAVE BEEN WELL LOOKED AFTER. LET US TAKE THE LONG WAY ROUND SO THAT I CAN SHOW YOU MY TROUT STREAM.
AS YOU WILL.

THE CAPTAIN SUDDENLY FELT AN ODD RELUCTANCE TO PASS OVER THE LITTLE BRIDGE AGAIN.
TUSH, WHAT AILS ME? WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM AN OLD UNARMED FOOL IN A DRESSING GOWN WHILE I HAVE MY SWORD AND PISTOLS?

THERE'S THE WILY OLD TROUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH FOR TEN YEARS. SEE HIM? I'LL BET YOU A HUNDRED TO ONE YOU'LL NEVER CATCH HIM EITHER.
I THINK I SAW THE TROUT ON MY WAY HERE. DON'T WORRY. I'LL HAVE HIM ON MY DINNER PLATE WITHIN A WEEK. WHERE IS HE?
UNDER THE ARCH! LEAN OVER FARTHER.

THE CAPTAIN STARED DOWN INTO THE COOL PLACID WATERS OF THE STREAM. ONCE AGAIN HE SAW HIS REFLECTION BUT THIS TIME IT GAVE HIM NO ALARM.

WHAT TRICK DID THIS WATER PLAY ON ME THE LAST TIME I LOOKED DOWN INTO IT?

IN THAT INSTANT A LONG SILVER LINE RIPPLED ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE SHADOWED WATER — THE REFLECTION OF A SWORD WHIPPED OUT OF THE FOLDS OF TYREE'S DRESSING GOWN.

AND CAPTAIN ELWORTHY'S GREY-WHITE HEAD WAS CUT FROM ITS BODY AND FELL INTO THE STREAM BELOW...

....WHILE ROUND IT THE WATER SLOWLY REDDENED.

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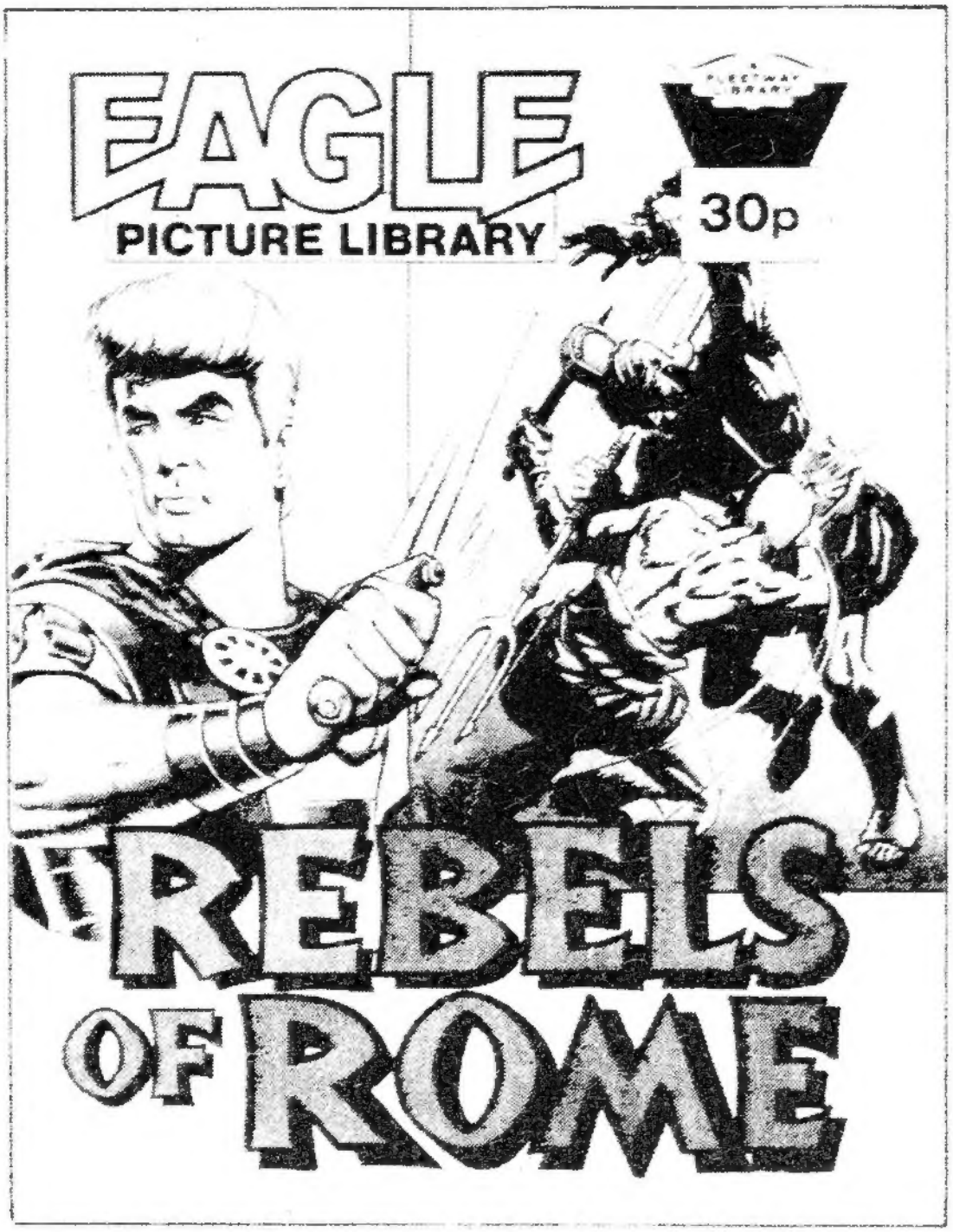

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